

HIT PARADER

35 CENTS

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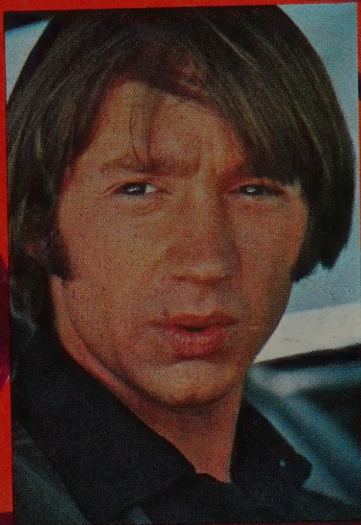
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

JANUARY

AT HOME WITH
PAUL McCARTNEY



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JIMI HENDRIX AIRPLANE
SPENCER DAVIS



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*

GROOVIN' IS EASY

*

I'M WONDERING

*

INCENSE AND PEPPERMINTS

*

KING MIDAS IN REVERSE

*

BIG BOSS MAN

*

LAZY DAY

*

EVEN THE BAD TIMES
ARE GOOD

*

LIKE AN OLD TIME MOVIE

*

KEEP THE BALL ROLLIN'

*

ROCK AND ROLL WOMAN

*

PLEASE LOVE ME FOREVER

*

LOVE IS STRANGE

*

HOLIDAY

*

THE LAST WALTZ

*

CHILD OF CLAY

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A NATURAL WOMAN

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IT MUST BE HIM

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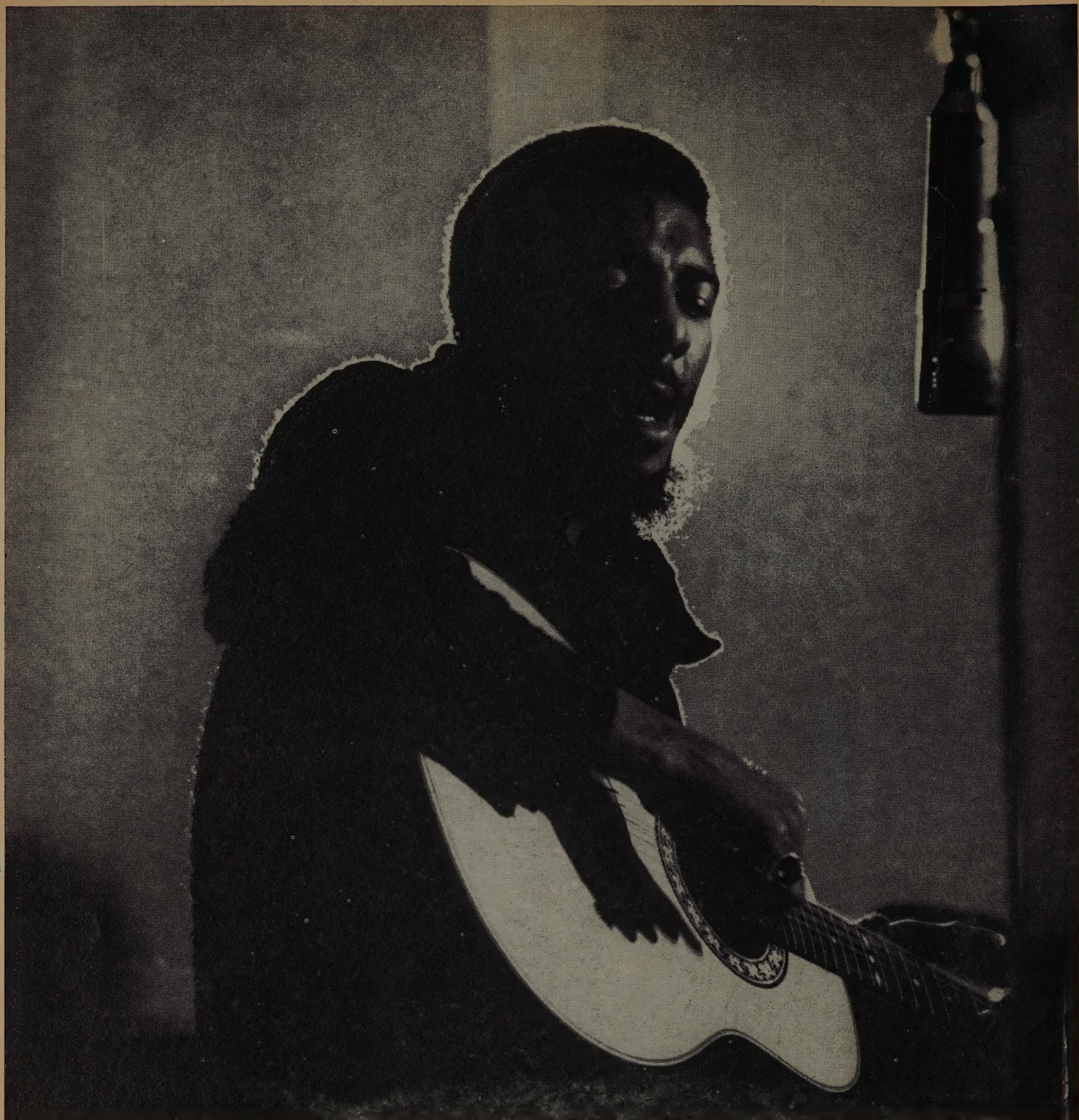
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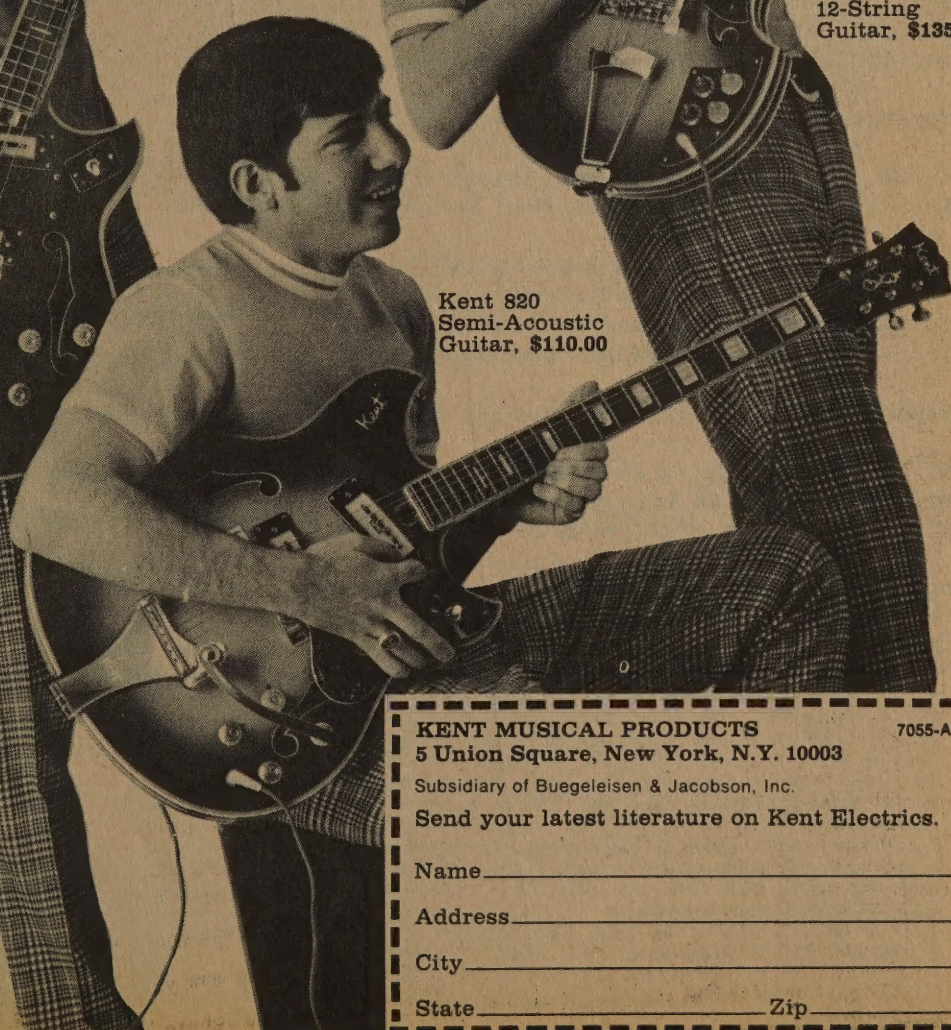
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January, 1968

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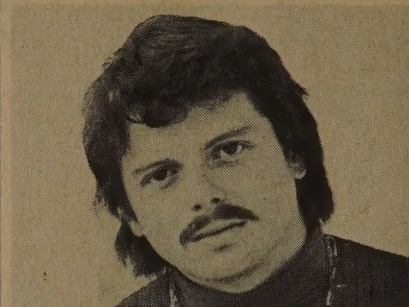
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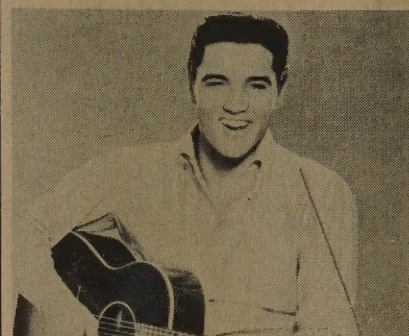
PARADE OF SONG HITS

• LIKE AN OLD TIME MOVIE



By Scott McKenzie

• BIG BOSS MAN



By Elvis Presley

• SHE IS STILL A MYSTERY



By The Lovin' Spoonful

**OVER 35
TOP TUNES
.....
COMPLETE
SONG INDEX
ON PAGE 28**

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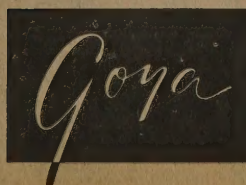
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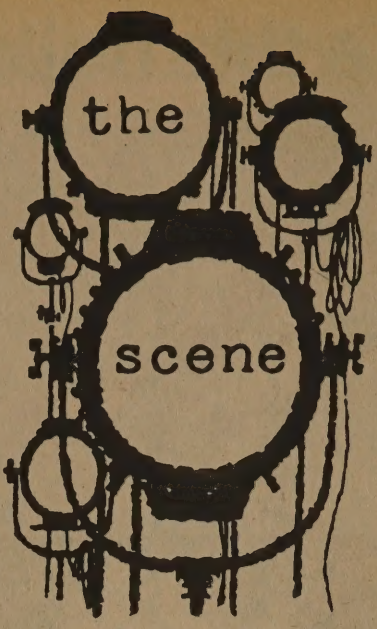
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What's Savin Rock? Well, mainly it's Jimmy's Drive-In where you can get the best hot dogs in America and watch the infinite long line feed its face, loaded down with hot dogs, drooling sauerkraut, onions, hot sauce, mustard, relish.

In the 1950's "The line" was made up of parking-lot hoodlums. They drove in from all the poor sides of town, greasy, grubby, Tony Curtis curl, combing their hair in the polish of their car. Even though Zappa and Kofsky have decided in "Jazz and Pop" magazine that it could only happen in California, it happened at Jimmy's in Savin Rock, too...and all over America where the good grease congregated. (It's rumored that Jimmy's relish was used for hair slickum, but that is a problem for social historians). The grease had their car hoods open and polished their engines, innocent exhibitionists that they were. Peeping Toms, too! High school squares, and Dad wouldn't let them lower the

family car. One cool kid drove in over the drive-way hump and his car was so low in the back, the 20-foot continental deck with twin chrome pipes crunched and tore off. He was the laughing stock of the parking lot. ("Status Back Baby.")

It all happened shortly after (if I remember correctly) the morbid indulgence in stock-car racing. Savin Rock had races and destruction derbies 12 times a day, 7 times a week...something like that. "Juke Box Saturday Night" played over the loud speakers at the race track. Little Richard wailed something to the broken heaps of cars tearing rubber up all around the track. Great streams of sand mixing with blue exhaust, screaming engines. The smell of violence making my stomach twist up. "Rock, Rock, Rock-a-beatin' Boogie"... "Gonna Rip It Up"... "And now to Mary who loves Vinny, Billy who gave Judy his engineer boots, Larry with the cool suede shoes"... "Earth Angel, Earth Angel...please be mine." That's where it started...and the burnt rubber smell went to Jimmy's after for a hot dog and hair combing and making peel marks on the parking lot. They didn't know it, but they were to become "The Beautiful People."

Black leather jackets are now buckskins and robes and bells. Jimmy's is still there but it's coming down for re-development. The stock-car races are long gone and the grand stands have gone grey and decrepit. The track is overgrown with weeds and black grease stains in the sand. The whole place creaks when the wind blows. It's weird at night.

Lines of hungry faces still form at Jimmy's to get the best hot dogs in America. The local hoods are more sophisticated now: beards, Thunderbirds, Triumph cycles, even Lincoln Continentals. Just the other day, I saw a Volkswagen pull up with love-love-love-psychedelic-painting all over it, and everybody looked and said, "Wow-groovy!" □ jim delehant



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WE READ YOUR MAIL



Dear Editor:

While reading your "We Read Your Mail" in the October issue, I came upon a very disturbing letter. A Mr. Flick Fadnee accused that motionless bassists in rock and roll, if they were musicians, were missing something. He also said that he used a different run for every section of a song he played. Well, Mr. Fadnee, a musician does not play an instrument with his body. He plays it with the arms and legs. And a musician, no matter if he is freaking out or standing still, can still produce the same tone. I think Mr. Frank Zappa will agree with me on that.

Now I will pick out some very famous groups that have motionless bassists. Bill Wyman—I am sure that name strikes everybody as being the bass player for the Stones—stands very still on stage. The Who have one of the finest stage acts around today, their music is terrific, but Mr. Entwistle stands motionless. Steve Boone of the Lovin' Spoonful stands on stage like he's in a trance. Mr. McCartney and Karl Green don't show much motion either. One other thing, Mr. Fadnee—I don't know of any bassist who changes bass patterns in the same section, of the same song, every time.

Furthermore, Mr. Fadnee, until you and the rest of your music incorporated become as big as the people above, you have no right in saying how a professional should stand.

Mike Wilson
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Hit Parader People:

I have just returned from a Yardbirds concert and I am still stunned. Even with half their equipment missing, the performance they gave was e-

qual to being run over by a steam roller.

The audience was in awe the whole time. Utter respect. Keith Relf had control over everyone's minds. They did a song called "Smokestack Lightning" which lasted around ten minutes with Keith doing a hypnotizing harmonica solo, and Jimmy Page, well, there's no words. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Their drummer was utterly fantastic. Chris Dreja has nothing but control.

No one can tell me the Yardbirds aren't blues artists. And also four of the most unbelievably musically-talented musicians in the world.

When I left, they were tearing into "I'm a Man," and the place was in shreds.

Thanks,
Meri
Titusville, Fla.

Dear Agnes,

Platter Chatter (October issue) comments on "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," and very nicely done with one exception. The end of "Within You Without You" does contain laughing; however, the laughs are those of women—not men. Hence, it *could not* be the other Beatles laughing. The laughing is probably done because George, or one of the others, did something silly. Right? I do agree with the ending comment—"Everyone should own it."

Always,
Lynn Alexey
511 Bryant St.
Bryan, Tex 77801

P.S. You have the best magazine ever written. Keep up the good work. Thanks. Bye.

Dear Editors:

All of your readers know

by now what a great guitarist Mike Bloomfield is but not very many are aware of Elvin Bishop's spectacular guitar playing, or of Elvin Bishop in general. Would it be too much to ask you to please feature this truly great musician and amazing person in what I'm sure would be a very interesting interview.

Thank you.

Terri Hints
120 Langhorne Lane
Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Editor:

Paul Simon, Paul McCartney, John Lennon and Donovan Leitch are the most influential people on the lyrical side of pop music today. Truthfully, I hope and think they will remain. Of them all, Paul Simon is my favorite. He writes in a beautiful, smooth and graceful style. John Lennon ranks second. I feel "A Day In The Life" is about trivialities. Also, about how one man may die and be mourned, but how a whole war may be forgotten at the same time. McCartney is next with "Eleanor Rigby" and "She's Leaving Home." Donovan Leitch uses childlike words and somewhat infantile phraseology but in his mind he has matured to 100 years plus.

Recently, I wrote to and received an answer from a young Canadian named Don Mousan who wrote in to your magazine in a recent issue. If it weren't for your publishing of letters of all kinds, my correspondence with him would have been impossible. I'd like to thank you for that. He's very intelligent and possesses a great deal of information concerning the Beatles' recording techniques, having himself corresponded with

George Martin and Tony Barrow.

I think that hard rock shall eventually perish in favor of a more orchestral and lyrical art form. The Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, Donovan, the Byrds, and others are proving this. The Beatles more notably. They are, always were, and always will be the trend-setters. The Monkees will fade from overexposure.

Pop music is changing young people, including myself, all over the world. It preaches love and everyone loves.

I hope they don't change that.

Ray Stock
2777 Gardner Ave.
Berkeley, Mich.

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on a truly fine magazine. I've never read a better coverage on today's music scene. Your past articles on blues have been great. I really enjoy reading comprehensive and educational articles on the blues bands.

One record which I feel cannot get enough recognition is "John Mayall's Bluesbreakers." Eric Clapton's guitar solos are absolutely fantastic. On "Rambling On My Mind" and "Little Girl" Eric does the unbelievable.

I have only one grievance - (inevitable) the article on the Monkees. Frankly, as far as I'm concerned, they do nothing but fill empty space. Granted, they are amusing, but that is as far as it goes. As to the comparison between the Beatles and the Monkees - how ridiculous! I can't imagine how anyone can compare the prefabricated Monkees to the Beatles, who really have creative ability. This is proven

(Continued on pg. 54)

ROLLING STONES



In The Studio

The times, they have a-changed, as Bob Dylan predicted - and with them - the Rolling Stones. There was a time when one approached a Mick Jagger - Keith Richard interview with fear and trepidation, as they lashed the backs of the establishment. Today they are older, perhaps wiser - and certainly kinder to the world around them.

Now, instead of the old "Fab gear whack," routine and solicitous enquiries after Ken Dodd's health, as I enter their recording studios I am met with smiles, and an orange juice is pressed upon me by the ever-courteous Jones, while Keith remarks that he has not seen me in a long time.

"Please help yourself to a drink at any time," smiles Mick, indicating the cardboard carton stacked with juices and cokes.

Bill smiles a slightly sadder smile and only Charlie remains immortal, eyes wide open as he drums - but seeing nothing - and talking still of Coltrane and Gillespie. He knows what's "Watts!"

Outside the studio are parked the Mercedes and the Rolls and the Aston Martin - the material results of five long, gone years of hard work.

"Stu" is still there - their big-hearted road manager, still leading with his chin (a formidable weapon), shirt ever agape, revealing the hairy chest, and blue jeans displaying something new in psychedelic white patterns.

Brian moves softly about the studio in painted shoes, red and black striped trousers, and huge brown sheepskin waistcoat which makes him appear like some bizarre troglodyte.

Keith is clad in one of those unbelievable blue creations with many other colors that billow from his arms and fall in fringes almost to the floor. He sits tuning his guitar and appeals desperately to the ceiling, "Someone give me an 'E'!"

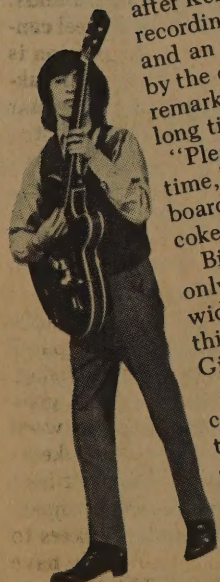
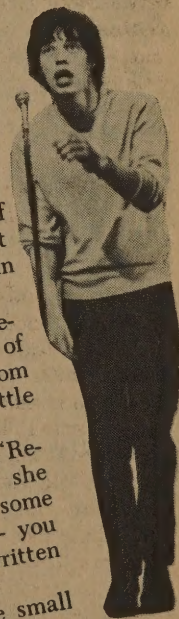
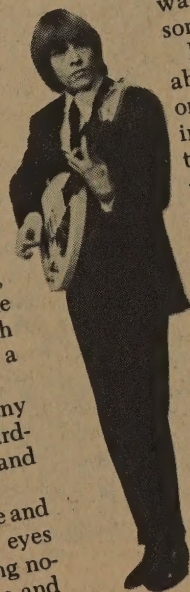
Jagger sits perched upon a high stool in the control room, surveying the music makers with an indulgent air, his leg twisted about the lower struts of the seat, and leaning forward so that his spine sticks out through the thin purple shirt.

Marianne Faithfull sits cool and detached behind him, reading a copy of "A Treatise On White Magic," from which she takes time out to talk a little with me.

"I love the Supremes' new record, 'Reflections,' and Traffic's single," she enthuses. "Mick is producing some tracks for a new album for me - you heard one track as you came in, written by the Incredible String Band."

I expressed an interest in the small book in her shopping bag written by poet-philosopher Omar Khayyam and she gave it to me.

The whole atmosphere in the studio was one of a friendly, unhurried meeting between five old friends who were not going to rush into anything that was not their best.





There was hardly one discordant quote to ruffle the serenity except when I deigned to mention the Monkees and the Beatles in the same breath, and Keith's lip curled in the old familiar manner.

Mick explained a little of the new direction in which the Stones are moving along with many other top groups. "It really began with the Beatles'

'Revolver' album," said Mick. "It was the beginning of an appeal to the intellect.

"Once you could tell how well a group was doing by the reaction to their sex appeal but the days of the hysteria are fading and for that reason there will never be a new Stones or a new Beatles. We are moving after 'minds' and so are most of the new groups."

He played me one of their new compositions, "She Comes In Colors,"

which is augmented by strings, for inclusion on the next album and a 15-minute backing track where guitars, piano, tambourine, tom-toms, bass and drums are thrown together to provide what Brian calls, "India with a touch of the Arabian Nights."

Brian was planning an excursion to Libya and indicated the glossy brochure he had bought on that country.

"Look at these fantastic Roman remains," he enthused, "that I'm going to find somewhere in the middle of the Sahara where there are no photographers."

As Brian left the control room, sound engineer Glyn Johns extolled the Stones' musicianship.

"Brian's incredible," he said. "Did you hear that harp on the last track? He played that - just picked it up in the studio."

"He came in last night and there was this little child's plastic ukulele lying around. It's almost impossible to get a tune out of these things but he did. He seems to be able to play anything he picks up - from saxophone to dulcimer."

A backing track was laid down and the Stones set about making music, with Brian isolated in one portion of the studio playing tom-toms.

Jagger and Johns talked about "fixed and round sounds," and there was a brief hitch while some distortion was removed from Bill's bass-guitar, namely Bill. He was apparently working too close to the bridge of his bass.

A Stones' recording session nowadays begins about 7 p.m. and rolls on until the early hours of the morning. "Stu" sends out for supper about midnight, and quantities of pork chops and chicken are consumed, along with pie and ice cream.

A great deal of their music is produced spontaneously in the studio as they improvise on a theme or idea that one or the other has created.

A strange assortment of people drift in and out of the studio, including policemen who lamely excuse their presence by "I've never been in a recording studio before" or "Your door was open."

The Stones accept this in stoic silence and anyone who is not as Jagger described it - "a terrific nuisance" - is allowed to stay.

At this session a well-known agent whom they had not seen for nearly three years turned up in suit and tie - looking as comfortable as a penguin in the Gobi amongst the present company.

He explained rather embarrassedly that there was this girl with him who wanted to "just see you - y'know?"

Jagger collapsed, "You don't see us for over three years and then you turn up with the same old reasons - using us to impress your girl." But he smiled and the girl was brought in and the Stones treated her kindly.

Just what is going to turn up on this next Stones LP is still somewhat confusing but there are likely to be quite a few surprises.

Marianne, for example, revealed that Mick has a book on nursery rhymes - "the 'I was going to St. Ives and met a man with seven wives' variety" and he was considering working some of them into the album.

Brian Jones had a thing about some 1930's discs owned by his father on which there was an organist called Harry Foorte. One particular title he mentioned was "Plum Blossom."

In-between-times Charlie talked to Mick of Mick's meeting with Maharishi Yoga, and wanted to know what Mick asked him.

"Oh, about the Church and religion," said Mick vaguely. Charlie was sceptical about the little portrait that Maharishi carried of his guru (Maharishi teacher).

"It's only something to help him remember he is carrying the thoughts on from another," said Mick.

There was a heated discussion in the control room between Glyn Johns, who abhors bullfights - although he has never been to one - and Brian Jones who had interceded on my behalf for the defense.

"It is not a sport - that is an English misconception," said Brian. "It is a spectacle in the same way a Greek tragedy is a spectacle - it is life as it is death, and sad as it is happy."

Glyn was not to be convinced that the spectacle of any animal in pain was a desirable one, and Marianne finally made a profound remark about "Nature at the mercy of mankind," and we all forgot the subject.

Keith had acquired a cap during the evening's recording with three badges resplendent on the peak.

"The badge with the two white strokes stands for equal rights," he explained. "The photograph in the other badge is of the Russian astronaut who was burned to death on re-entering the Earth's atmosphere."

The last badge depicted a latter-day Hollywood blonde in surrealistic backgrounds - "and that," said Keith, "is lovely Rita."

Charlie entered the control room to conduct a bewildering conversation about a session musician with "perfect pitch" whom Glyn knew. Mick had learnt all his production techniques at his knee.

About 2 a.m. I made to go while everyone was still being so nice. Just as I left through the door, the idea of asking Keith to insult someone, just once for old times' sake occurred, but I fear it would have been futile.

This is the year of "the Nice" and saving Omar Khayyam's memory - "the Rolling Stones having rolled-roll on." □
keith altham



THE

TRAFFIC



Stevie Winwood



Chris Wood

Jim Capaldi

Dave Mason

Did anyone ever tell you to go play in Traffic? Well, maybe you should have taken their advice! The four talented British lads who did don't regret it, for Traffic is a group, a group with a future.

"Our aim is to always sound like the same group, but never to sound the same," says one of the four, James Capaldi. The other three - Stephen Winwood, Christopher Wood and David Mason—all agree because Traffic must always keep moving.

They were destined to happen. All the boys were musically - oriented as far back as they can remember. Christopher Wood, friendly and good-looking, started playing the piano when he was tiny.

Like most children whose family has a piano, he took lessons for a while, but mostly he learned by "just messing around. I've always tended to find things out for myself." That includes how to play the flute, because, although like the other members of Traffic he took music lessons, the man who taught him didn't play the flute. He went to art college, playing with groups all the while. When finally he had to choose between art and music, he chose music, but he still hopes to hold a proper exhibition of his paintings some day.

James Capaldi, whose deeply-creased face is always smiling, comes from a musical family. His father is a music teacher who used to perform onstage

and his mother used to be a singer. So he started to play piano when he was about six. As he grew older, he formed a group with three friends and learned the ropes of the business. It wasn't until he formed his second group, though, that he took up the drums. He took no lessons on them. "I just played how I felt - it's the way I've always played." By the time he was an apprentice engineer and had moved to Worcester to be nearer his job, he met Davis Mason and formed a group with him there. They parted after a while, but both continued on the group scene.

Blond David Mason learned to play the recorder as a child at school and formed his first group when he was fifteen. He went to London after leaving

(Featuring) STEVIE WINWOOD



the group he'd formed with Jim and played in several groups there. He took a year off and did nothing for the year before Traffic became a reality. But "nothing" to Dave doesn't mean just vegetating, because he has a vital interest in the whole world, far beyond the confines of pop. "Pop music is only a small thing in a very big world," he says. "Pop is my form of expression, but it isn't everything."

Tall, pale, faraway Stephen Winwood had a rather different time of it. Like his partners, he learned to play an instrument at a very early age. "Since it was a piano, you couldn't say I picked it up - too heavy," he says drily. He alternated between playing piano and guitar, but has chosen the piano as his true love. "My thoughts flow better onto a keyboard." He spent a year at music college, because "I wanted to learn how to read and write music, which I did, and then I left." And there his career diverged from the others. For Steve was playing with his brother Muff's jazz band. And they joined up with a young teacher named Spencer Davis. So at fifteen Steve was a professional musician. At sixteen he was a focal point of a "group's group." At eighteen, his fame spread to America. He was idolized, he was emulated, he was respected, he was fed up. He wanted to forge his own music, to move on.

For a year, Steve, Chris, Dave and Jim had been playing as a group in Birmingham whenever their various schedules let them be there at the same time. They played purely for the love of it, but it was tacitly understood that some day they would be a real, full-time group instead of just a side-line one.

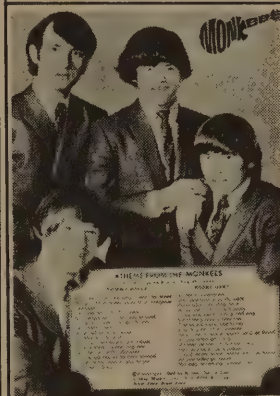
Finally, the time came when Steve felt he must leave the Spencer Davis group. They had all known it would happen some day and the parting was sad but friendly. The other members of Traffic had also been waiting for the day and they were waiting for Steve at his cottage on the Berkshire downs. "We all split from our groups on almost the same day," Steve said. "We went to the cottage and grooved around for a while. Then we got down to it, talking and playing and writing some things."

The cottage where Traffic has spent the last six months - the first six months of their official existence - is an isolated place. The villagers won't come near it because they believe it to be haunted. (Steve has heard unexplained footsteps and the opening and closing of doors in the middle of the night.) They haven't even any electricity, and in order to run their electric guitars, the organ and the amplifiers, they've had to run an extension cord to the neighboring cottage, a quarter of a mile away.

Traffic made their first record, "Paper Sun," shortly after getting together. Although no one has yet seen or heard them perform live, their records prove that they live up to their aim of always being different. The advance orders already received on Traffic's second recording, "Hole In My Shoe," written by Dave Mason, have already assured it chart success.

Traffic has no leader and no star - each contributes and each shines. They also have no limit on their future. When they finally do perform in public - and the time is soon - it's a safe bet they'll draw capacity crowds everywhere. Talk about Traffic jams!!!!!! ☐

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PAUL McCartNEY *At Home*



As most people must have noticed, the Beatles have undergone a major change in the past year. The mop-tops have gone and been replaced by four highly individual, creative personalities. The "yeah-yeahs" and the "ooohs" have given way to sitars and melotrons.

The Beatle boots and round-collared jackets have been discarded and been replaced by kaftans and beads. No longer is it news when they are seen at clubs or theatres. At last the screams are fading away.

To find out more about the great Beatles' transformation I visited Paul McCartney at his St. John's Wood home recently.

I told my taxi-driver the address. "Oh, you mean where that Beatle lives," he said.

No more than half a dozen fans were waiting patiently at the massive iron gates of his house.

The gates were opened by his housekeeper, Mrs. Mills ("She still hasn't given me a tune yet," says Paul), who led me into the lounge.

Paul's huge Old English sheepdog, Martha, bounded forward, leaped up, put both front paws on my shoulders and started chewing my tie. His three cats - Jesus, Joseph and Mary - were crawling over each other underneath the television set.

Paul, dressed in a green, floral-patterned shirt and green slacks, sat cross-legged in a large green velvet armchair. Mike McGear, Paul's brother, was just leaving with several kaftans over his arm.

A large "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts' Club Band" poster is pinned to one wall. His book collection includes many works on yoga and meditation.

At the moment all four Beatles are on holiday, although they have been recording.

"When I used to tell you we didn't know what our plans were, it was simply that we hadn't been told what we were going to be doing. Now we simply just don't know."

Mrs. Mills reappeared bearing cups of tea and a large cream sponge. "The only

thing lined up for us is the TV show," said Paul, stirring his tea. "But we're still trying to work out the format. We've also been recording the past few nights, and our next album will probably come from the TV show."

Anything that the Beatles now indulge in they obviously do for love - not for money. "We can now sit back and pick and choose what we want to do. We're not going to turn out records or films just for the sake of it. We don't want to talk unless we've got something to say."

"When you don't have to make a living, a job has a different meaning. Most people have to earn a wage to live. If you don't, you take a job to relieve the boredom - but you do something which gives you pleasure."

"We enjoy recording, but we want to go even further. I would like to come up with a completely new form of music, invent new sounds. I want to do something, but I don't really know what."

"At the moment I'm thinking things out. There seems to be a pause in my



life right now - a time for reassessment."

I asked Paul if he ever regarded himself as being rather like a retired man of sixty-five, who was now only pottering around, dabbling in his favorite hobby.

To a certain extent he was inclined to agree. "I don't regard myself as having retired, but what do most people do when they retire? As you say, they become wrapped up in a hobby. Either that or they find another job.

"I would like to do something else, but what that will be, I don't know."

Despite the fact that three of the Beatles are married and they are, all four of them, very different individuals, they still have that same bond of loyalty to each other that they have always had. They are still each other's best friends.

If they are asked to do something as a group and any one of them doesn't want to take part, then the scheme is dropped.

"If three of us wanted to make a film, for instance, and the fourth didn't think it was a good idea, we'd forget about it, because the fourth person would have a very good reason for not wanting to do it."

In the past year Paul has become a much more introspective person. He is constantly striving to discover more about other people. What is depression? Why do people become bored? What is his ultimate goal?

These are the questions to which Paul has tried to find the answers in books on meditation and in lectures by men who know more about it than he does. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is playing a big part in developing the Beatle minds. He is the man who gave them strength when they heard of Brian Epstein's tragic death.

"I'm more tolerant now than I was, and I feel more at ease myself, but I'm not less certain about many things," said Paul.

"In some ways I envy George, because he now has a great faith. He seems to have found what he's been searching for.

"When we went to India we were amazed. So many people living in terrible poverty - but everyone was so happy. They were always laughing and smiling, even though most of them were starving. For people in the Western world to understand why these people

can be so happy is a very difficult thing."

With John, George, and Ringo, Paul will be flying to India again shortly to study transcendental meditation with Maharishi.

To a certain extent, Paul's music is his greatest emotional outlet. "Ravi Shankar discovered himself through his music, and I suppose in many ways we are, too."

This is apparent in their latest albums, which feature many tracks based on personal experiences. But how far can one go with any new art form, be it music, films or theatre? Will the great general public accept it?

"We've never set out with the sole intention of trying to please people. It's been wonderful that so many have appreciated what we've done. We don't want to come to a point where we wave 'cheerio' to anyone. We want to take them along with us."

Paul McCartney certainly is more at ease now and much more tolerant and understanding. But he's still searching for something. Whether or not he'll ever find it, I just don't know. But he is determined to, somehow. *norrie drummond*

BOB RAFELSON



The MONKEE Man Speaks

MICKY DOLENZ



MIKE NESMITH



PETER TORK



DAVY JONES



Have you ever seen that travelogue in which native divers jump from a high cliff at Mexico's fashionable Acapulco seaside resort, defying death as they cut down to the giant waves through a gorge only a few feet wide? And have you thrilled to the sound of drums as each tense second brought the moment to leap nearer and nearer?

Only a few years ago those rapid drum beats were provided by Bob Rafelson, who today is one of the men who formed the Monkees.

He also filmed that "live" Monkees' TV show (holding the 16 mm movie camera himself), at one time hosted his own radio show, and wrote for a newspaper in Japan for a time.

All of which points to the fact that Bob is a manager with a versatile past who can turn his hand to most things.

But for Bob Rafelson, Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike might still be in relative obscurity. He dreamed up the idea of the TV series.....put that famous ad in the "Variety" show newspaper.....and helped to pick out the magic four applicants who finally made up the Monkees.

He still is stunned by mystical forces that made him pick the Jones-Dolenz-Tork-Nesmith lineup. "Why? Why?" he muses over the white wine. "Just what made me finally choose them?"

"I often wonder about some of the other guys we said, 'No' to and what the Monkees would have been like if we'd had one or two different people in the group. Maybe they would have fitted in well together. Maybe not. When we were making the selection we had to think about that.

"Not only did we have to think whether a particular person would make a good Monkee, but whether he'd make that strange chemistry when he and the others were put together.

"It's often been said that the Monkees are 'manufactured,' but the term irritates me just a little bit. The Monkees were more like a Japanese marriage..... arranged.

"In America and elsewhere, the divorce rate is pretty high, but in Japan things go better. That's the way we like to feel it is with the Monkees."

He lightly thumps the table as he talks about the resistance-still-against the Monkees in Hollywood, where the TV series is made.

"Everybody in Hollywood is old," says Bob. "They don't understand. You wouldn't realize half the trouble we

have trying to get people there to accept new ideas.

"That documentary show we did recently on the Monkees' concert.....people didn't like the project at first because it broke with tradition. I didn't even have permission when, in the end, I went out and did it myself. I think it worked out pretty well.

"We've made things easier for ourselves by having a young crew on the set. Everybody's so young...26,32, and so on. The only exception is the cameraman, but he's young at heart and you often find him, for instance, having dinner at home with Davy or one of the other guys. All of us in the crew have a tremendous rapport.

"I got the idea for the series in 1962, before Dick Lester's 'Hard Day's Night' and so on. I have a great respect for his work and I don't want to be drawn into controversy, but I worked in advertising for some time and a lot of the technique I use I picked up there.

"We considered only one existing group for the show before we picked out the Monkees one by one - the Lovin' Spoonful. They were unknown at the time, but eventually it just wasn't practicable.

"When we started to do interviews for prospective Monkees, we were literally seeing people hour by hour.

"It was a lot of fun and we used to do nutty things to see what sort of reaction we got from the applicants. We ended up having musical jam sessions in the office. I tell you our secretary went out of her mind.

"There was one guy, Steve Styles, whom I liked enormously. Unfortunately, he wasn't quite right, but he had musical intelligence and I went so far as to ring him up and ask him along again.

"When he realized he wasn't going to make it, he suggested I get in touch with someone he knew, a certain Peter Thorkelson. I might have said, 'Yeah' and forgotten about it - particularly as this Peter Thorkelson hadn't even answered the ad and we had a lot of guys who had. Yet, I remember I went to great lengths to contact him.

"I found him working as a dishwasher - not even as a musician - so you can imagine it took a while tracing him. But when I heard him, I knew at once he was right. I was knocked out.

"Davy is the one I had the most doubts about. I'll be honest about that.

"Davy had had less contact with rock and roll than any of the others, and although he had acting experience, I wasn't sure if he would be able to get into the spirit of the thing."

He grinned and admitted: "Sure, I was wrong. Very wrong."

Bob sees himself as a father-figure to the Monkees, although he's quick to point out he's only in his thirties himself. "I resent their youth and energy like hell!" he chuckled. "Not that I'm that much older, but I guess our relationship has made it a paternal kind of thing."

He isn't sure how long all of them can keep up the pace. "Often we're working night and day," he told me, "and then the Monkees have recording as well as their filming, tours, personal appearances and so on.

"Mike Nesmith is the one who has changed the least. He was always that way - yes, sir. But Micky has developed and opened up tremendously."

Bob and the Monkees' co-manager, Bert Schneider, were in business as TV men before the group came into being, but the Monkees have obviously given them their biggest break. Now Bob wants (once he gets time) to go into the business of non-pop movies and film direction in general.

In addition, he'll be responsible for the Monkees' first full-length film early next year, although at the time we spoke he was emphatic he still didn't have a story-line.

"I'm the guy who'll be writing it," he told me, "but I just haven't had time to think yet. The first thing to remember is that none of us - the Monkees, Bert nor myself - want this picture to be just an extension of the TV show.

"We have a problem, because we don't want it to be like the TV show and we don't want it to be like anything the Beatles have done. It's got to be different...something special. Sure, I did think of a religious theme at one time. But that's, well....."

He shrugged, pushing up brown sunglasses against his tanned face.

"Say," he said suddenly, "what's it like in North Wales? I met Dylan Thomas one time and he told me all about it. Ever since, I've had this beautiful vision of lakes and streams and mountains. I'll have to see it one day....make a film, even!" □ alan smith

Have You Had The

Experience?

JIMI

HENDRIX

"I've written about one hundred songs but they're all over the place - like in hotel rooms back in the States where I didn't pay the rent. In fact, I'd like to go back and pay all the backrent I owe just so's I can get those songs back!"

The speaker was guitarist-singer Jimi Hendrix, a tall gangling guy from Seattle, Wash., who is currently riding high with "Purple Haze" and a Reprise album, "Are You Experienced." Hendrix, who has spent a good part of his twenty-one years bumming around the States and comes on with 'rats in my kitchen' type stories, would be a copywriter's dream if only for the anecdotes, a bushy mane of shoulder-length hair and a taste for wearing old British army outfits. But there's plenty more. Even before he formed the Jimi Hendrix Experience last November, the newly-arrived guitarist's reputation had spread through London like wildfire. "Have you heard Jimi Hendrix?" was the watchword for weeks.

Before leaving the States last September, Jimi had worked with the Isley Brothers and Little Richard, among other names, and was leading his own small combo in Greenwich Village. His unconventional coiffure made him a refugee from Harlem. "I couldn't stand it there because they talk about you worse than any place else!" - and downtown Manhattan offered him the chance for the self-expression in music and dress he'd been denied uptown. It also brought him the opportunity of being heard one night by ex-Animal Chas Chandler and the group's manager, Mike Jeffery. The dynamic guitarist had the two Britishers

In spite of this restless attitude, which is, after all, not uncommon among all itinerant bluesmen, from Blind Lemon Jefferson on down, Jimi seems to be enjoying life in the olde worlde atmosphere of London. "I like all the little streets," he said. "It's like a kind of fairyland. And these left-handed streets kill me - almost!" He laughed.

Jimi claims that he finds British audiences "pretty groovy" although he stipulates that his Stateside experience was generally confined to backing groups. "One time, though, we played at the new London club, The Upper Cut, where we broke the record about five times over. We had about 5,000 people turn up and, man, it scared me half to death when I saw all those people out there! But I just went on and did what I felt like and everything worked out all right."

And that just about sums up the philosophy behind Jimi Hendrix' music. For him the blues spell freedom, a state of being for which he has searched all over the United States and is finding, temporarily at least, in his newly-adopted home. He describes his ideal music as being a mixture of rock-and-roll, blues and a little bit of jazz; his favorite artists are Muddy Waters, Elmore James and Bob Dylan. A self-taught guitarist, steeped in the blues and already well on the way to an identifiable sound, his influences, apart from Waters and James, were Chuck Berry and B.B. King. "I liked Muddy when he had only two guitars, harmonica and bass drum!" he said. "Things like *Rollin' and Tumblin'* were what I liked, that real primitive guitar sound."

standing on their ears and they immediately begged him to try his luck in England.

"I said I might as well go because nothing much was happening," recalled Jimi. "We were making something near three dollars a night and you know we were starving! I only hope that the guys I left behind are doing all right. The way I left was kinda wrong - they all thought they were going, but this way it was easier for me to go alone. I feel kinda rotten about leaving just like that because we weren't living too much, you dig?"

Well, if it's any consolation to you guys starvin' down there in the Village, Jimi's thinking of you. But, by rights, "Hobo" should have been his middle name, as he explained, "I stay two or three months in one place and I must have a change. At least, I did then; maybe it's starting to wear off now, but I couldn't even think of a place where I'd like to live for the rest of my life. I just get so restless, man-- I might leave right away even if I don't have any money."

One thing that puzzles Jimi is being described as a "pop" singer, and although he is admittedly in the business in order to make a decent living, he dislikes being associated with its purely commercial aspects. "I don't think too commercial at times," he freely admitted. "When it comes to writing songs I have to wait till they come to me, even if I've got a record date minutes away. I couldn't just keep on doing it for money constantly."

"I mean I can't feel *pop* - I couldn't call myself that. You see, our next record may be so uncommercial, just like *Hey, Joe* isn't commercial--it all depends on how people accept us. I just hope they accept us for what we're doing because we're doing what we want to do.

Actually, I don't know what field it's in, but I'd like to establish a name and get accepted like the way Chuck Berry has his own sound. Not that I want to sound like him--I just want to sound like Jimi Hendrix--but you have to write your own songs in order to get your own personal sound."

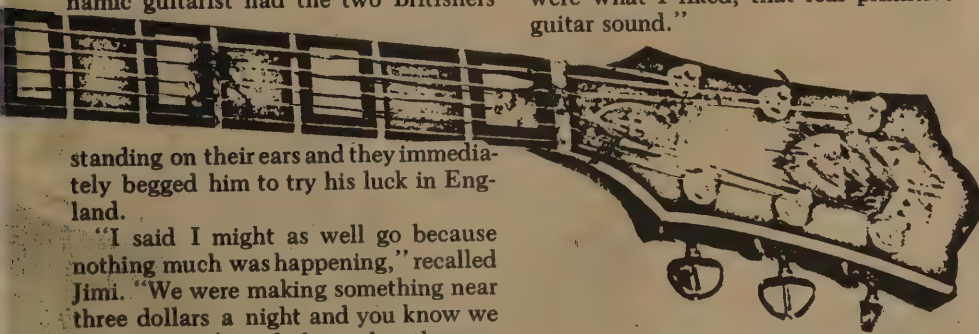
The other two-thirds of the Experience are 21-year-old bassist Noel Redding and drummer Mitch Mitchell, generally considered in London to be the hottest new thing on drums extant. Ex-art student Noel auditioned for the group on guitar and had never tried bass before, but since no other bassist was available, he was persuaded to switch by Chas Chandler, and now you'd never notice the difference. The drummer, at 19 a veteran of Georgie Fame's Blue Flames and a dozen other combos, was chosen from ten percussionists, and Jimi is delighted with the soulful feeling generated by his English sidemen.

"It's almost like being in the States!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe they can sound exactly like the American cats, but a few do. Stevie Winwood with Spencer Davis comes about the closest to really having that feeling - and Tom Jones. Why? I guess they get tired of hearing all these Herman's Hermits records! If they really can dig a cat like Ray Charles who's one of the all-time greats when you're talking of soul, it isn't too surprising if they come up with that soulful feeling--it just shows that they're really listening."

Of British talent, Jimi has praise for the Who, the Cream, John Mayall and Eric Clapton - "he's quite ridiculous he's so good." And for one who favors a loose, driving and, above all, improvised approach to music, it is not particularly surprising that he says of the Beatles' current work: "Their new songs don't have enough guts in them. The real good 'money' songs have it, but there's something about what they're doing now that's almost *too* good. I like songs that are harder. The Beatles' things are beautiful but they're so arranged, man. You know?"

There's one thing I like about being in England - the musicians and business people seem so dedicated. It really makes a difference because in America, man, it's dog-eat-dog constantly. The promoters think you're like a money-making machine and they have no faith in you. Sometimes my temper might snap because of this but generally I'm pretty easy-going."

And that's Jimi Hendrix, easy-going, hip, relaxed, and -dare I say it-co-o-o-o-l. Until he steps on stage, that is. Then it's a fantastic scene of rollin' and tumblin' and workin' it out. Seeing and hearing Hendrix is quite an Experience, *The Experience*, in fact. One you shouldn't miss. Have it as soon as you get the chance. □ valerie wilmer



The Champagne Music Of The



JIM KWESKIN

Some folks say that jug band music's better than penicillin for helping them to feel good but other folks say, "Hmm." And most folks who've seen The Jim Kweskin Jug Band say, "Absolutely!"

There was The Dude, which is me, in California when Jim Kweskin phoned to say, "I'm making a band and you're invited." Grabbed my washtub bass and returned to Cambridge where Jim had indeed collected some of the good guys. They had decided to be a jug band, gave me a jug and said, "You're elected to be the jug player - here's a jug—learn how to play it." So off I went with it and have been learning ever since.

Jim Kweskin has been playing that fine-finger-plunk-lead-thumb-guitar for years, and occasionally knocks down walls, but usually knows the words to any old jazz song we'd care to work up.

Geoff Muldaur plays washboard, guitar, kazoo, and billiards. Formerly he also played cards but gave it up in favor of the clarinet, a plan I viewed with alarm until he met with our newest member, Richard Greene, California fiddle player, to form the demolition team. The D.T. is now available to us for hairier harmonies, better backing, interesting introductions and parties.

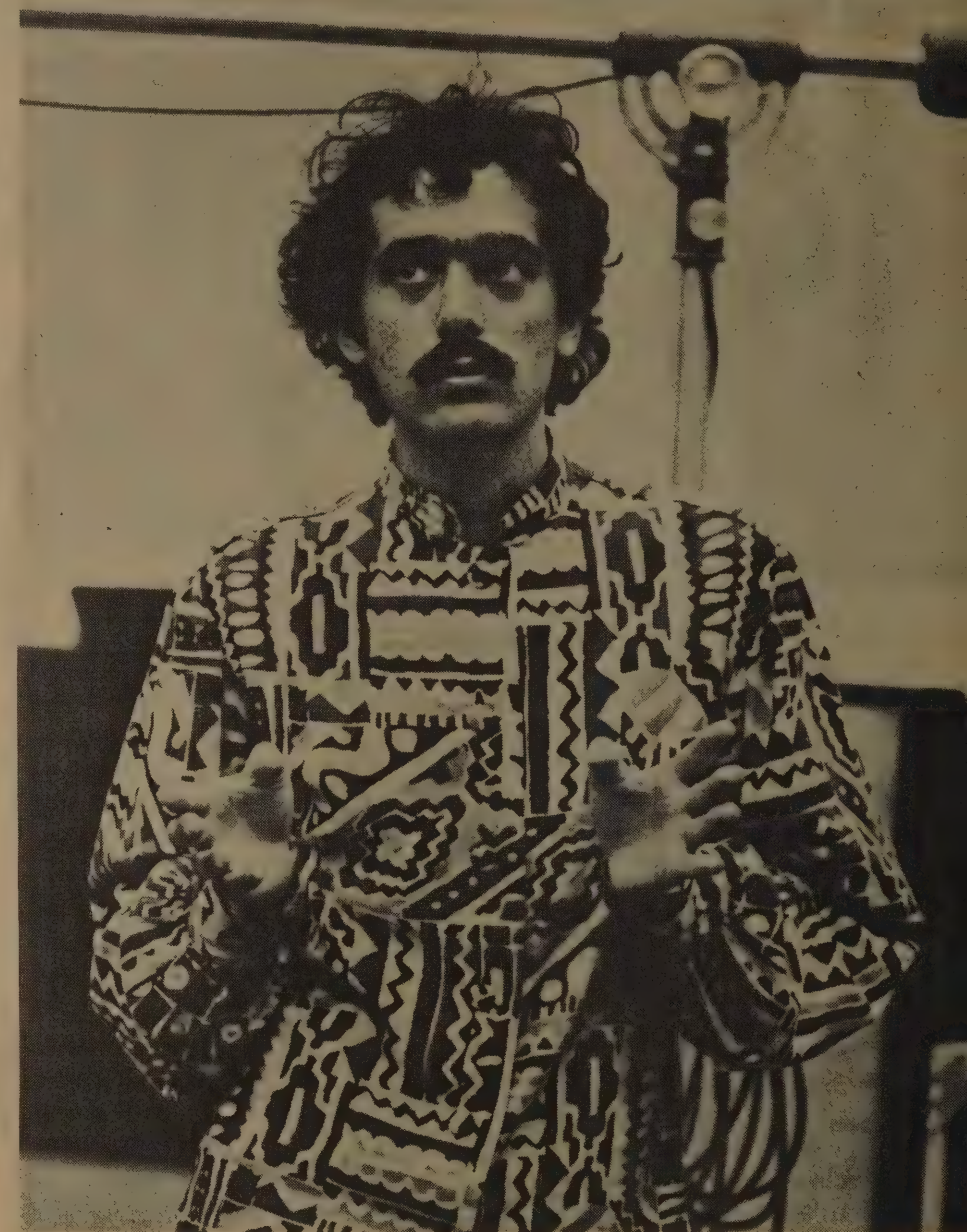
Maria D'Amato plays the kazoo and tambourine. Sings even better, makes her own clothes and curtains, bats left, throws right and cooks good chicken cacciatore.

Bill Keith, pedal steel guitar and banjo operator, usually travels at great speed and comfort, uses a vacuum cleaner to run his player piano and cheats at chords. Color him walnut.

My name is Fritz Richmond. I play the jug, the washtub bass, the electrical reebofak and the seven-channel mixer, but never more than one at once. □ fritz richmond

The last time I saw the Kweskin Jug Band in concert, they were playing at a small folk club in Los Angeles called the Ash Grove, which books people like Jack Elliott and Doc Watson, and which is run by a busy little man called Ed Pearl, who reads SING-OUT magazine, and thinks that Dylan's poetry has "yet to stand the test of time."

I was down there because the Jug Band had just signed with Reprise—because one of their managers would be present—because record companies always like to "cement relationships" and why not—but most of all because I love Jim Kweskin and I love his Jug Band.



I value his art which remains alive and warm while Blues bands and Bay groups stumble and mumble about living on farms and "getting their heads in shape."

That was why I was there. It was Friday night, and it was crowded because I am not the only one who smiles when Kweskin smiles. I stood in line waiting for a ticket, impatient to move beyond the heavy curtain which separates the lobby from the main room.

I was only three places away from the ticket desk when the curtains parted, and a man in a camel-hair sports coat

strode out and loftily surveyed the ever-increasing line, met my eyes for a brief second, and then returned whence he came without any sign of recognition.

His name was John Court. He is a powerful, striking man, and also respected, which is as it should be, for with his partner Albert Grossman, of the long grey hair and Edwardian charm, he has provided us with some fine music over the years. If you see the words "Grosccourt Production" on an album sleeve, then you know it's from Albert and John who have given us Peter, Paul and Mary, Ian and Sylvia and Gordon

JUG BAND



Lightfoot. They gave us Richie Havens and Paul Butterfield. They gave us Mike Bloomfield and they gave us Bob Dylan. And they have given us The Kweskin Jug Band.

I edged up to the ticket desk and pulled out my last two dollars. Then the curtains parted again and it was John, and he said, "I *thought* it was you - come and sit with us" and I knew he had seen me the first time but that's John Court—and who would have him any other way?

So, having surrendered the initiative willingly, I sat with John and his young

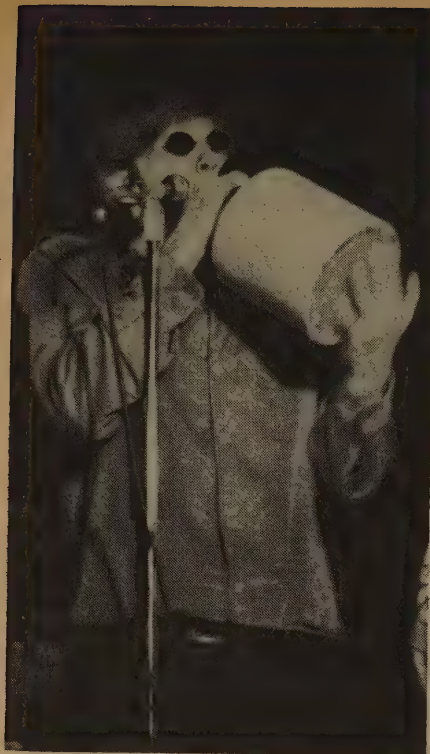
blonde girl friend who were drinking white wine and delicately savouring potato chips from a large silver bowl.

The Jug Band was playing "Minglewood Blues" which is their first single, and which you will probably have heard by the time you read this. Geoffrey Muldaur was singing, and little Maria played tambourine, and Fritz blew his jug, and bald Bill banjoed, and there in the middle was James Kweskin, a noble, Roman figure, poised and perfect on six-string guitar.

"Minglewood" led to "Ella Speed" and "Coney Island Washboard" and

that was the Jug Band and that was the evening.

I didn't see them again for nearly two weeks, and when I did, they were lunching with some record executives in the canteen on the Warner Bros. picture lot—in a strange cafeteria, impenetrable without a pass, which is impossible to obtain if you are not at one with the Warner Brothers Police Force, by and large a humorless bunch. But then a cop is a cop, and Kweskin is Kweskin, and I made some 'phone calls and smiled some smiles, and ultimately got through and into the cafeteria.



FRITZ

Pet Clark was lunching in one corner with some people from the "Finian's Rainbow" set, and over by the cigarette machine was Efrem Zimbalist, laughing loudly with a girl who looked like Carol Lynley. Kweskin was sitting at one of the little plastic tables, and he seemed to be confused—as anybody who drinks beer and comes from Boston would be under these circumstances. He was flapping a proof of his forthcoming album sleeve in the face of the general manager of Reprise Records and asking him if he thought it was tasteful.

I arrived and told him I didn't think it was because the sleeve was one of those flowery sleeves, and the music of the Jug Band has much to do with many things, but nothing to do with flowers.

Mo Ostin, head of Reprise, Runyon-esque, a man of flair and charm and also an estimable diplomat, smiled a smile that told me I was saying the wrong thing. The conversation then switched to a "singles approach" about which Kweskin had been worrying because he had never made a single before, and from his little house in Roxbury, Massachusetts, where the fields are green and the river runs softly and sweet strains of old folk songs drift along with the wind from nearby Cambridge, the wicked world of Top Forty Music is as remote as a Miami sales convention. We told him that there is no such thing as a "singles approach," and that there are only bribes and false handshakes, and that is why the single is "Minglewood" and not a third zerox of "Winchester Cathedral".

In the early evening we met again, at one of those murky Hollywood bars

with parking lot attendants who wear red uniforms and gracelessly accept any tip short of a dollar, waiters who would rather serve Connie Stevens because that's a story for the kids, and a maitre-d whose eyes told us that he could no longer tell the difference between boys and girls, what with all this hair. We sat and drank and talked and laughed.

There was Fritz Richmond, Boston's "Dean Of The Washtub Bass," who also plays the jug, who wears small round sunspecs and loud sophomoric tee-shirts, who tells wondrous whimsical fairytales (KALOOBAFAK), who smiles persistently and announces every number on stage with an illustrious slice of filibuster which would probably make him rich in a Vegas lounge. He is also from Cambridge, and there are better places than Vegas, and he knows it and would rather play his jug.

There was Geoffrey Muldaur and his wife, Maria—he drinking beer, she drinking wine—he smiling that lazy smile you smile in the pub after an energetic game of football—only this had been a recording session and Geoffrey had been singing the blues in that loose lymphatic voice which would be his hallmark if he were famous enough to have one, and he will be. His friends call him "Mole". He once wrote a sad little tune called "Mole's Moan" which reached the eloquent fingers of Tom Rush and which spoke wordlessly of summer and sunsets and moonlight and Muldaur. If you really want to hear Geoffrey sing the blues, then listen to an album on Elektra called "The Blues Pro-

ject" and you will hear again what you heard on "Minglewood". He will shortly be recording on his own for Reprise, but he will never leave the Jug Band because they're his people and he knows them and loves them and wouldn't play with anybody else.

Maria sings "I'm A Woman" and she also sings "Chevrolet" and "Cowboy" and "Garden Of Joy," and she doesn't wear Indian robes but short, short skirts which show off her pretty knees. She is small and slim, with soft brown eyes, the hair black and twined in long thick plaits. On "Minglewood" she is playing tambourine because "Minglewood" is Geoffrey's song, but "Cowboy" is hers, and her voice swoops and dives like a Kingfisher mellowed with dandelion wine. Sometimes she plays a little old fiddle she has and sometimes she plays kazoo. Whatever she's doing, she's always there—a daffodil dream from a Lewis Carroll fantasy.

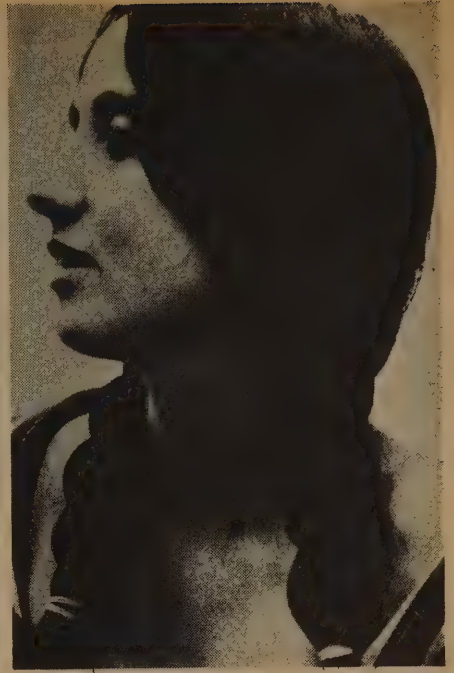
Bill Keith plays banjo, and has just completed the last month of his military reserve training. In the old days, of course, a lot of people chose the reserves in lieu of a two-year stint overseas, and it is because of this training that the new Kweskin album has been so long in the making. If the wait was worth it, then we can only hope that future works of art will be allowed to flow on without unnecessary interruptions of this nature. Bill Keith is doing us all a better turn, by making the music he does so well, than by learning how to stick a bayonet in a sack of flour. The army didn't cut his hair because



BILL, JIM & GEOFF



GEOFF



MARIA

there isn't much to cut, and it didn't dampen his spirit because Bill is a solid man who will always hold his beer, will always pump your hand and mean it, and will always play his banjo.

There was Richard Green, formerly a Greenbriar boy, formerly a Blue-Grass Boy, always a country boy and one who plays from his heart. The hair is short and blond, the clothes unfashionably Hollywood but the laugh is honest and his fiddle speaks for him. He weaves across the stage with the choreographed agility of Fiddlin' Paul Warner, nimbly sliding up to the front, swerving and swaying as the notes come slithering and sliding off his instrument, squealing and squalling, shrilling and shrieking, a mad, hysterical sound strangely at odds with the other instruments, but at one with the sound of the Jug-Band. Richard is a recent addition to the band and an added dimension to its music. You will hear him on "Minglewood" and you will love him, because he's Richard Green and there is no other.

Which left Kweskin - mournful James, still talking about his album sleeve, still wondering about a singles approach, asking a million questions and receiving few answers, for there are no answers in this strange, strange town. He had taken his band up to San Francisco where they had played the Avalon Ballroom with the Doors. His audience had been a San Francisco audience, smug, cautious, defensive constituents of their self-constructed and much abused democracy, first-name friends with Chet and Bill, imbued with Monterey (Where was the Jug Band at Monterey?), the Oracle, the love-ins at Golden Gate Park, and warm memories of Haight-Ashbury. Of Haight-Ashbury as it used to be, furnished with bells and

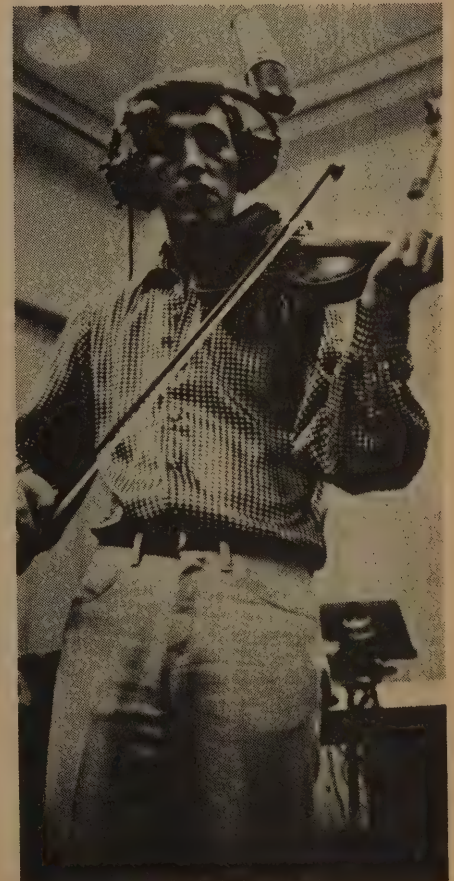
tribal robes, suspicious of outsiders because outsiders have polluted San Francisco, have turned the Haight into another Tijuana, have moved in with their dollars and their Fords and have sent the good people fleeing to Mill Valley, Big Sur, Santa Fe and even Europe.

But there are still some good souls in San Francisco, and most of them were at the Avalon that night, and they loved Jim Kweskin because he is no outsider. They loved him as one of them and he loved them; and flowers and unwashed feet could never have come between them. Jim Kweskin plays his guitar with grace and sings his songs with all the gusto his emery-papered lungs will allow. He is invariably approached by jaded old women with nicotined husbands who fear what is happening if only because it flagrantly threatens their reason for getting up in the morning. They draw solace and reassurance from Kweskin and his group because "this is what they were doing when we were young" and who consequently believe in Kweskin as "a shining example to the young." What they fail to realize, of course, is that it's music, bearing neither time nor date, and that, in the greater sense, the only criterion is honesty.

We talked a lot about how we were going to promote the album, and what the single should be, and whether the Jug Band should work some of the larger discotheques (when approached, the owner of one of the more fashionable ones said: "Kweskin? I don't know. We don't book modern jazz at this club."), of how many billboards we should buy, and how many ads we should take but what it really all comes down to is this:

The Jim Kweskin Jug Band is warm and funny and beautiful and necessary,

and has come out with a single record ("Minglewood"), and an album ("Garden Of Joy"), both of which point to increasing standards in pop which would seem to be in a state of mindless torpidity at the moment. The art here is in the soul, and the soul is in the people; and the people are in the music which will always speak for itself. Won't it? □ andy wickham



RICHARD



BONNER & GORDON

Happy Together

The Turtles, Petula Clark, the Righteous Brothers, Gary Lewis and quite a few pop stars are probably glad that the Magicians broke up.

The Magicians were one of the best groups in Greenwich Village. They all were excellent instrumentalists, the lead singer had a superb voice, their material was fresh, they enjoyed playing at the Night Owl, CBS-TV filmed a documentary on them and everyone expected the group to make it to the top.

But their records failed to capture the spark they generated in-person, they were plagued with illnesses and other problems, and when one of their guitarists inherited some money, he left the group to start his own recording studio and write the music for underground movies. The three other members remained together for a while, but they were getting nowhere fast and gave up.

Two of them started writing songs together. In less than a year, Gary Bonner and Alan Gordon had become the hottest new songwriting team in pop music. Their songs include three Turtle hits, "Happy Together," "She'd Rather Be With Me," "You Know What I Mean," two Gary Lewis and the Playboys smashes, "Girls In Love" and "Jill," the Righteous Brothers' "Melancholy Music Man," Petula Clark's, "Fancy Dancing Man" and "Cat In The Window," a Bobby Darin single, "She Knows," and a new Righteous Brothers single, "You're Free."

"Gary and I started to write songs just to make some money. Then we discovered we could write," Alan admitted.

An as-yet-unreleased movie, "Hey, Put The Clock Back On The Wall," was titled after the very first song Al and Gary wrote together.

"That's sort of the name of this whole episode we're going through now," says Gary, somewhat astonished. "You know, this whole bit, leaving the group, starting to write songs and becoming... well, you know, becoming successful."

Bonner and Gordon now have an enviable catalog of more than fifty songs. But they worked hard to get them.

The duo wrote an average of two songs a week for a couple of months before they showed any of them to their music publisher, Koppelman and Rubin.

They decided not to work uptown in Tin Pan Alley, which is actually just a couple of large office buildings crowded with tiny rooms containing a piano and a couple of chairs. Instead, they spent many all-night songwriting sessions in Gary's East Village apartment.

"We stayed home on Friday and Saturday nights when everybody else was out," says Alan. "But at least we had a song to account for it."

The Magicians were still playing at the Night Owl when Al and Gary began their collaboration. They'd write songs after work on five or six nights a week.

"'Happy Together' was like the foot in the door," Alan said. "It was a big foot. The record went almost two million. All of a sudden people respected us a lot more."

Alan revealed to us a little-known fact about the hit song. "Most people don't realize that 'Happy Together' is a sad song. The Turtles didn't know it," he said. "When we told them, it was a whole new dimension to the song for them. The first line is 'Imagine me and you' and the last line is 'How's the weather?' Like, 'What else is new?' It doesn't exist really. Sorry to bring you down."

Both Alan and Gary give record producer Joe Wissert credit for the success of the Turtles records. They've been in the business long enough to realize that, as songwriters, they're only one ingredient in the recipe for a hit.

Gary Bonner, a gentle young man with deep brown eyes and brown hair that just brushes the top of his collar, got serious about singing after harmonizing

with various groups in the high school yard during lunch hour. When he was sixteen, he was working in a professional group, the Sinclairs. Four years later he won first prize on Amateur Night at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, singing "Stardust" for a predominantly Negro audience. Gary's warm, soulful voice can captivate any audience. Within the next year he may host a new pop music program on NBC-TV.

Alan Gordon, tall, thin, like a toothpick topped with wavy brown hair, once wanted to be a movie musical star. Occasionally, he bursts into routines from old Dan Dailey movies and comes close to tap dancing on restaurant counters and singing, "I met a girl."

He began playing the drums at summer camp in New Hampshire when he was seven. One of his earliest groups was Flash Gordon and the Rockets. He overcame a lisp by becoming a department store announcer. He's a fabulous drummer and he's been interested in songwriting for a long time.

The Magicians were put together something like the Monkees, with the emphasis on musical talent. Charlie Koppelman and Don Rubin picked the four best young musicians they could find in the greater New York area. They never became a hit group, but two years later, Gary and Alan became the company's most successful songwriting two-some.

Both Gary and Al come up with both words and music.

"We just do both together," says Gary. "We throw our ideas together."

But Alan concedes that often "after writing the song, Gary's singing helps the most. They call us the human demos because we can audition our songs live.

"Everybody who sings our songs ultimately sings like Gary in one way or another. Every other day someone comes up with a singing job for Gary or asks me to play drums."

Gary made his solo singing debut on

Columbia Records with "The Heart of Juliet Jones", a Bonner-Gordon composition. Columbia is putting a big publicity campaign behind the record.

"In the beginning we did a lot of big demo dates with musicians. But we found that our best stuff was with Gary and I singing and playing ourselves. Just a guitar, rhythm and singing," Alan explained.

"Most of our songs have a built-in arrangement. If a song gives us any problems, we don't finish it," adds Gary.

"I don't play a melody instrument so I can doodle a melody in my head without being aware of any limitations," commented Alan. "I don't have to think of how to play a melody on a guitar. I just do it. Sometimes it's outlandish, but Gary will know how to put it into chords and make it logical."

"Before anybody hears our songs they can rest assured that the songs have gone through quite a test. Gary is per-

haps the strongest critic about our songs. Before he'll sing a song he has to feel it."

Gary objects to "something that you can't believe in. A song has to say something. If I can find some truth in it, so can somebody else."

"We devote a concentrated effort to each song to make it worth something."

Their formula for writing hits, as described by Alan, is very simple: "It's just a question of being observant, of seeing things and being able to put them down in words and music."

"I'd written two or three songs a few years ago before I started writing with Alan. If you're writing with someone else, there has to be a perfect communication," Gary said.

John Lennon and Paul McCartney have admitted that some songs that carry both their names were actually written by just one of them. But so far, every Bonner-Gordon composition has been a joint effort. "Sometimes I'll try

to think of what I came up with in a song and it's incredible, but even an hour afterwards I don't remember who came up with what," Alan admits.

The duo can't single out any particular tune as a favorite. "Each song means something to us," Alan said. "I think the last song we write always seems to be the favorite until we write the next one. It keeps you going."

Do Gary and Alan miss performing?

"We were in a group for a long time," they say. "But it's much more rewarding to write a song, sit back and watch everybody else do it."

"We don't want to just rest on our laurels," Alan concluded. "We want to have more hits than anyone else has had in one year. I think we'll do it."

Eventually, they'd like to write a Broadway musical, compose a movie score and maybe star in a film where they can tap dance on restaurant counters singing, "I met a girl." That would be nice. □ *don paulsen*



THE MAGICIANS

Left to Right - John Townley, Al "Jake" Jacobs, Alan Gordon, Gary Bonner.

Fly **JEFFERSON**



Drummer **SPENCE DRYDEN**

The best new group to really establish itself in 1967 has to be the Jefferson Airplane. The two albums and the half dozen singles they've issued during the year are some of the most creative, polished and exciting music we've heard. With each new record, they impress us more and more.

Spencer Dryden, 24, is the Airplane's third drummer and definitely their best. He's been playing for more than ten years, he's backed jazzmen like Charles Lloyd, Bobby Hutcherson and Paul Bley, and he once taught drum lessons. Playing the snare drum in junior high school when he was eleven years old got Spence interested in music, and he began assembling his own set of second-hand drums, a piece at a time. He's been playing ever since and he once was in a group which later became the Peanut Butter Conspiracy.

Spence begins by talking about a former Airplane drummer.

Skip Spence was the drummer with the Airplane for about the first nine months of the group's existence. He was formerly a rhythm guitar player and songwriter and he liked to sing. He'd had some drums in high school. Marty just discovered him one day, said, "You're going to be my drummer," bought a set of drums and said, "Go to work." Skip was developing beautifully, but he just wasn't happy being back at the drums. He wanted to be up front singing and playing a guitar. He eventually left. He's with Moby Grape now, singing, playing guitar and having a ball. It's a very good group.

I'd been playing with jazz groups for almost ten years, so I had to change my way of drumming when I joined the Air-

plane. I had to simplify my playing quite a bit. I had to lay in quite hard. I'm a heavy drummer and when I was playing with horns or pianos, I was told to quiet down a lot. But when you get with the electrical instruments you really have to stomp. You don't just plod along to keep it even. You don't let up and you've got to make it pop. You have to put a bit in it.

The drums have to be an anchor, especially with this group, because we have a lot of musical lines crossing each other. It isn't just straight "chunk-chunk" rhythm. Jack rarely plays just a straight bass line. A lot of times he's underlying the melody or playing a counter-melody. To make this cohesive, something has to hold it and I usually do, and yet still try to be free enough to follow the various guys in the band as they do their thing.

AIRPLANE

With



Now, I have to be aware of quite a few more things than when I was playing jazz. The direction in which I was going at the time I filtered out of jazz was toward a total feeling of the moment. You would get up and you may have been playing standard tunes, but once you were past the melody you were on your own. You didn't have to think about arrangements, except for the first thirty-two and the last thirty-two bars. The rest of it was freedom.

When you're a drummer it's very hard to distinguish the many variations of sounds electric instruments are capable of producing. The only thing you really have is the beat, or the vocals if you can hear them, or just an overall feeling. To pull all the electric molecules apart and figure out what's going on is a little bit harder than working with the distinct sounds of trumpet, tenor sax, piano and bass.

With the Airplane, we're getting freer and we experiment a lot, but basically, our music is arranged. It takes quite a long time to work out an arrangement of a song but it's always undergoing changes as we play it. We don't like to play the same thing twice. Sometimes we go astray, but it's part of the learning process.

Certain tunes, like blues-oriented tunes or songs where everybody is familiar with the changes, can be arranged in a couple of afternoons or half an hour before we go on stage. Other tunes take a month or two. We want to have everything worked out before we go in to record a tune.

There is a sound that comes out of San Francisco. Each group has its own individual sound, but there is a cohesion. Being from LA, I didn't know what was going on until the first time I took the plane up to more or less audition for the Airplane when the drummer's job was open. I liked what I heard because the music had meat to it. There was something going on. For the first two weeks it was like an initiation. It bowled me over completely because it was totally different.

It's a big sound that comes out of San Francisco. At times it's rough, raw and sort of primitive. But there's a true feeling of music from within rather than learned from other sources.

Playing and developing on your own and wanting to do it and loving it are the main ideas. There's not much competition between groups for jobs. There are dances every weekend and the bands rotate. There is competition as far as

groups wanting to get better all the time.

There are always certain groups that rise above the others. We are more or less like a vanguard, pushing out and finding out what is going on outside San Francisco. But many of the groups like the scene in San Francisco and they prefer to stay at home.

In different parts of the country, people are accustomed to certain sounds. Like, in Philadelphia they're very deeply into the rhythm and blues and the Motown thing. In New York City they like R&B, but there are also many people who are open-minded and aware of new things. I'd like to play a dance at some real big place in New York.

When I was ten or eleven years old, I got interested in Dixieland Jazz. I grew up the river with jazz and went through a lot of different bags into what was then called progressive jazz and into hard bop. I listened to drummers like Elvin Jones, Art Blakey and Philly Joe Jones, and I developed in that direction.

Then jazz came to a stalemate of sorts. I noticed that there was a lack of something happening. A lot of it left me very cold.

For a time, I was playing in a show band upstairs at the Trip on Sunset Strip. On my breaks I would go downstairs and listen to the rock groups. It seemed that rock and roll had broken away from its limited, repetitious forms. The rock groups had something that I felt had been missing from jazz in the last couple of years, and that was enthusiasm and a sense of direction as a unit, rather than everybody getting into their own bag and freewheeling.

I was very sympathetic to it. Plus, I dug a lot of the things the Beatles and the Rolling Stones were doing. At first I didn't. It took time and then it hit. I became very impressed, so I started listening. Also, I was teaching at the time and I had a lot of students who were growing into it and they wanted to learn how to play in rock bands.

I developed my own style of playing. It came out of jazz into rock and roll, so it may not be as simplified as most rock drumming.

There are some rock groups that will simply continue playing nothing but simple, three-chord tunes, but there are better musicians who will see that there's more they can do and they'll raise the level of the music. There's a new wave of songwriters who are phenomenal, like Paul Simon, John Sebastian, Steve Sills of the Buffalo Springfield and John Phillips. I'm very happy with the way things are going. □

WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

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• LOVE IS STRANGE

(As recorded by Peaches & Herb/Date)
E. SMITH M. BAKER

Love, love is strange, oh yeah
Lots of people take it for a game, all right
Once you get it you never, you never want
to quit, oh no
After you've had it
You're in an awful fix, all right
Plenty people don't understand, oh no
They think lovin' is money in the hand, oh
yeah
Your sweet lovin' is better than a kiss, ah ha
When you leave me sweet kisses I miss.
Peaches, yes Herbie
I wanna know how do you call your lover
boy?
I say come here, lover boy
And if he still doesn't answer
Come here, lover boy
And if he still doesn't answer
Well, I simply say
Daddy oh daddy, my sweet daddy
(You're talking to me I know
You're the one
(I got to hear you now).
Herbie, yes Peaches
How do you call your lover girl?
Well, I say hey lover girl
And if she doesn't answer
I say hey, lover girl
I know she doesn't answer then, so what do
you say
Oh yeah baby, yeah
My sweet baby, come on, come on over
baby
Yeah, you're the one all right
Baby oh baby, my sweet baby you're the
one.
© Copyright 1957 by Ben Ghazi Enter-
prises.

• A NATURAL WOMAN

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/
Atlantic)
GOFFIN
KING
WEXLER

Lookin' out on the morning rain
I used to feel so uninspired
And when I knew I had to face another
day
Lord, it made me feel so tired
Before the day I met you
Life was so unkind
And you're the key to my piece of mind
'Cause you make me feel
You make me feel
You make me feel like a natural woman.

When my soul was in the lost and found
You came along to claim it
I didn't know just what was wrong with me
Till your kiss helped me name it
Now I'm no longer doubtful of what
I'm living for
And if I make you happy
I don't need to do more
'Cause you make me feel
You make me feel
You make me feel like a natural woman.

Oh baby, what you done to me
You make me feel so good inside
And I just wanna be close to you
You make me feel so alive
You make me feel
You make me feel
You make me feel like a natural woman
You make me feel
You make me feel
You make me feel like a natural woman.
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Columbia Music, Inc., New York.

• HOLIDAY

(As recorded by The Bee Gees /Atco)

BARRY GIBB
ROBIN GIBB

Oh you're a holiday
Such a holiday
Oh you're a holiday
Such a holiday.

It's something I think's worthwhile
If the puppet makes you smile
If not then you're throwing stones,
throwing stones, throwing stones
Oh it's a funny game
Don't believe that it's all the same
Can't think what I've just said
Put a soft pillow on my head.

Millions of eyes can see
Yet why am I so blind
When the someone else is me
It's unkind, it's unkind.

Yet millions of eyes can see
Yet why am I so blind
When the someone else is me
It's unkind, it's unkind.

Oh you're a holiday, every day
Such a holiday
Now it's my turn to say, and I say
You're a holiday
It's something I think's worthwhile
If the puppet makes you smile
If not then you're throwing stones,
throwing stones, throwing stones.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●THE LAST WALTZ

(As recorded by Engelbert Humperdinck/Parrot)

LES REED

BARRY MASON

I wondered should I go or should I stay
The band had only one more song to play
And then I saw you out the corner of my eye
A little girl alone and so shy
I had the last waltz with you
Two lonely people together
I fell in love with you
The last waltz should last forever.

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●THE RAIN, THE PARK & OTHER THINGS

(As recorded by The Cowsills/MGM)

KORNFELD

DUBOFF

I saw her sitting in the rain
Raindrops falling on her
She didn't seem to care
She sat there and smiled at me
Then I knew, (I knew, I knew, I knew)
She could make me happy (happy happy)
(She could make me very happy).

Flowers in her hair
Flowers everywhere
I love the flower girl
(I love the flower girl)
Oh I don't know just why
She simply caught my eye
I love the flower girl.

She seemed so sweet and kind
She crept into my mind
I knew I had to say hello (hello hello)
She smiled up at me (hello how do you do)
She took my hand and we walked through the park alone
Then I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew)
She had made me happy (happy happy).

Flowers in her hair
Flowers everywhere
I love the flower girl
(I love the flower girl)
Oh I don't know just why
She simply caught my eye
I love the flower girl
(I love the flower girl)
She seemed so sweet and kind
She crept into my mind.

Suddenly the sun broke through
(see the sun)
I turned around, she was gone (where did she go)
All I had left was one little flower from her hair
But I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew)
She had made me happy (happy happy)
Flowers in her hair, flowers everywhere
I love the flower girl (I love the flower girl)
Was she reality or just a dream to me
I love the flower girl (I love the flower girl)
Her love showed me the way to find a sunny day (sunny day, sunny day)
I love the flower girl (I love the flower girl)
Was she reality or just a dream to me.
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●PLEASE LOVE ME FOREVER

(As recorded by Bobby Vinton/Epic)

OLLIE BLANCHARD

JOHNNY MALONEY

Please love me forever
Don't forget me ever
Listen to my plea
Please don't stop loving me

Your in my dreams nightly
Don't take my love lightly
Begging on my knees
Please don't stop loving me.

Oh when I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord your love I'll keep
If I should die before I wake
I'll come back for you
That's no mistake.

Oh, I'll love you forever
Can't forget you ever
Our love was meant to be
Please don't stop loving me.

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●KING MIDAS IN REVERSE

(As recorded by The Hollies/Epic)

T. HICKS

A. CLARKE

G. NASH

If you could only see me
I know exactly where I am
You wouldn't want to be me
Oh I can assure you of that
I'm not the guy to run with
'Cause I'll throw you off the line
I'll break you and destroy you given time

He's King Midas with a curse
He's King Midas in reverse
He's King Midas with a curse
He's King Midas in reverse.

It's plain to see it's hopeless
Going on the way we are
So even though I'll lose you
You'll be better off by far
He's not the man to hold your trust
Everything he touches turns to dust
in his hands
Nothing he can do is right
He'd even like to sleep at night but he can't
All he touches turns to dust
All he touches turns to dust.

I wish someone would find me and help me gain control
Before I lose my reason and pass on
He's King Midas with a curse
He's King Midas in reverse
He's King Midas with a curse
He's King Midas in reverse
He's King Midas with a curse
He's King Midas in reverse.

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●LOVE IS ONLY SLEEPING

(As recorded by The Monkees/Columbia)

BARRY MANN

CYNTHIA WEIL

She looked at me
And the emptiness in her eyes
Was cruel to see
Then she turned away and said
Once I loved, but love is dead
And I whispered, sometimes love is only sleeping.

She said, through the endless days and nights
She could not help but wrap herself in sorrow
Through the endless days and nights
We waited for a shining new tomorrow
Love was sleeping.

She looked at me
And her smiling tears feel warm and sweet and free
And the moonlight kissed her eyes
As it mingled with our sighs
And she whispered, sometimes love is only sleeping.

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●CHILD OF CLAY

(As recorded by Jimmie Rodgers/A&M)

JIMMY CURTISS

ERNIE MARESCA

Into the darkness he was sent by parents
Who were ignorant hm hm
Tied down to his mother's strings unable to be anything hm hm; Puzzled by the things he hears

the father thinking work comes first
Ain't got the time to quench a thirst
No no no no no no no no no no no no no no
Once he was a child, a beautiful child
A child of clay shaped and molded into what he is today
But who is to blame for this child of clay.

Going out into the street at night
The answers he may meet hm hm
With sick and twisted minds he shares the searching questions
His heart bears hm hm
And from the dregs
The answers find their way into his supple mind
In time the planted seeds will grow into a twisted vine below
No no no no no no no no no no no no no no

And now his aimless days begin to drift into sordid sin hm hm
And soon his dislike turns to hate as the stamp of life seals his fate hm hm
And so the night conceals his name
And the days sleep off his shame
Deprived of love and wrought by fear a feeling that the end is near
No no no no no no no no no no no no no no

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

●ROCK & ROLL WOMAN

(As recorded by The Buffalo Springfield/Atco)

STEPHEN STILLS

There's a woman that you ought to know
and she's coming
Singing soft and low, singing rock and roll
She's a joy to know

'Neath the shadow of her soothing hand
I'm free there just to make my plan
Dream of far away lands
Anything close at hand
And she will follow me, do you know.

Familiar places she's been by
that I know
Could it be she don't have to try
And tomorrow she's a friend of mine
And with sorrow I see her face is lined
She's no longer mine, she's just hard to find.

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●(LONELINESS MADE ME REALIZE) IT'S YOU THAT I NEED

(As recorded by The Temptations/Gordy)

WHITFIELD
HOLLAND

Lonely man am I
Ever since you said goodbye
Girl I know that I should have woke up
'Cause it seems now that we broke up
Your farewell kiss is haunting me
My two lips cry out constantly
Let your heart, let your heart be your guide
Forget about your foolish pride
Starting tomorrow I keep telling myself
I'm gonna get out and find somebody else
Somebody's that's sweet and kind
Who will erase you out of my mind
But tell me how can I find somebody new, baby
When my two arms keep reaching out for you
And my two lips keep right on repeating
It's you that I need
You know that even when I close my eyes to forget you
I see your face and your memories too
Girl, I never felt this loneliness before
And ooo girl, I just can't take it no more

Every night a million tears I shed
Girl, I'm slowly going out of my head
Just take a good look and you'll see
What this loneliness is doing to me
It's you that I need
Don't you know that it's you that I need
Oh it's you that I need
A fool I ain't gonna be no more
'Cause I'll soon be knocking on your door
Gonna get down on my bendin' knees
Beggin' please girl come back to me
It's you that I need
Girl, it's you that I need.

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●LIKE AN OLD TIME MOVIE

(As recorded by Scott McKenzie/Ode)

JOHN PHILLIPS

Every time I see you
It's just because you're blue
You don't really need me
The way that I need you
Don't come on so groovy
You do better mean
You're like an old time movie
One that I already seen.

Baby, yes I need your love
But I'm not gonna get this low
Don't you think that I can tell
When you've no place else to go
Could it be you misunderstood
When you tried to read my mind
'Cause this time you will find
I'm gonna let you go
Every time I see you.

You're like an old time movie
Baby, yes I need your love
But I'm not gonna get this low
Don't you think that I can tell
When you've got no place else to go
Could it be you misunderstood
When you tried to read my mind
'Cause this time you will find
I'm gonna let you go
Every time I see you.

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●IT MUST BE HIM

(As recorded by Vicki Carr/Liberty)

GILBERT BECAUD

MACK DAVID

I tell myself what's done is done
I tell myself don't be a fool
Play the field have a lot of fun
It's easy when you play it cool.

I tell myself don't be a chump
Who cares let him stay away
That's when the phone rings and I jump
And as I grab the phone I pray
Let it please be him
Oh dear God, it must be him
It must be him or I shall die, or I shall die
Oh hello, hello my dear God it must be him
But it's not him and then I die, that's when I die.

After a while I'm myself again
I pick the pieces off the floor
Put my heart on the shelf again
He'll never hurt me anymore
I'm not a puppet on a string
I'll find somebody new someday
That's when the phone begins to ring
And once again I start to pray
Let it please be him

Oh dear God, it must be him, it must be him
or I shall die, or I shall die
Oh hello, hello my dear God, it must be him
But it's not him and then I die, again I die.

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●GROOVIN' IS EASY

(As recorded by The Electric Flag, An American Band/Columbia)

RON POLTE

Groovin' is easy, baby
If you know how
Groovin's so easy, baby
If you know how
You don't have to keep yourself forever slaving
Go out and chase whatever you're cravin'
You know it doesn't have to be, no no no, it doesn't have to be so hard on you.

There's nobody stopping you, baby
There's just yourself
And if you can't see that, baby
Girl, you need help
I can teach you things you never could learn
Show you exactly how you got burned
You know it doesn't have to be so hard, no no no no, it doesn't have to be so hard, so hard on you.

It's easy to see, baby
You're nobody's fool
But you won't gain nothin', baby
By staying cool
Better leave all your uptight worries behind
Get into somethin'
Will excite your mind
You know it doesn't have to be so hard, no no no no, it doesn't have to be so hard, so hard on you.

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●INCENSE & PEPPERMINTS

(As recorded by The Strawberry Alarm Clock/Uni)

JOHN CARTER

TIM GILBERT

Good sense, innocence crippling mankind
Dead kings, many things I can't define
Occasions, persuasions clutter your mind
Incense and peppermints the color of time
Who cares what games we choose
Little to win but nothin' to lose.

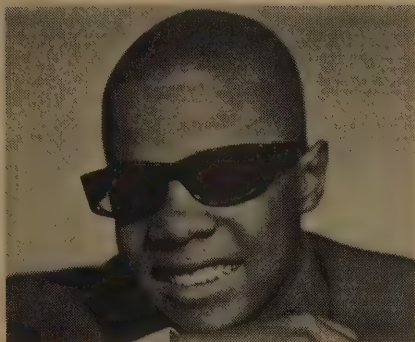
Incense and peppermints, meaningless nouns
Turn on, tune in, turn your eyes around
Look at yourself, look at yourself yeah yeah
Look at yourself yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
To divide the cockeyed world in two
Throw your pride to one side
It's the least you can do
Beatniks in politics, nothing is new
A yard stick for lunatics
One point of view
Who cares what games we choose
Little to win but nothin' to lose.

Good sense, innocence crippling mankind
Dead kings, many things I can't define
Occasions, persuasions clutter your mind
Incense and peppermints the color of time
Who cares what games we choose
Little to win but nothing to lose
Incense peppermints, incense peppermints,
Sha la la sha la la sha la la sha la la la.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

● I'M WONDERING



(As recorded by Stevie Wonder/Tamla)

**COSSBY
WONDER
MOY**

Well, don't you know I'm wondering,
little girl I'm wondering
How can I make you love me
A little more than you loved him
Oh baby, Jimmy was your sweetie pie
your precious one
And I knew you used to love the very
ground he'd walk upon
One day Jim's papa told him things
were lookin' down
And they packed up everything they
owned and left this little old town
Each tear I cried for you the closer our
lives grew
I fell in love it's true
And you say you love me too.

But baby, I'm wondering
Little girl, I'm wondering
How can I make you love me
A little more than you love him
Oh baby, I'm wondering
Little girl, I'm wondering
How can I make you love me
A little more than you loved Jim.

Oh baby, till you see his face again or
hear his voice
I don't wanna be a loser
If you have to make a choice
Like a pupper to a string
To you girl I'm attached
And I know I'd be in trouble
If he came and took you back
I feel so insecure
In my mind I can't picture losing you
for sure
It's a pain I can't endure.

But baby, I'm wondering
Little girl, I'm wondering
How can I make you love me
A little more than you loved him
But baby, I'm wondering
Little girl, I'm wondering
How can I make you love me
A little more than you loved Jim.

I can't stop loving you baby
I can't stop loving you no
I can't stop loving you baby
I feel so insecure, in my mind I can't
picture losing you for sure
It's a pain I can't endure
Baby, I'm worried, really, really worried
I want to make you happy
I'm wondering, etc.

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● ROOM AT THE TOP

(As recorded by The Fallen Angels/
Roulette)

JOHN C. BRYANT

Just thought you'd like to know
There's room at the top for you
Just thought you'd like to know
That you could come up here too
Thought we could sit together
And watch my lights go off
And watch my lights go off
And watch my lights go off.

With broken tambourine
I wait for love to begin
These piles of ashes stand for
Yesterday's mortal sins
All of them could fit in one tin
Next to what could be
If only we could see
The love that's meant to be.

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Corp.

● KEEP THE BALL ROLLIN'

(As recorded by Jay & The
Techniques/Smash)

SANDY LINZER

DENNY RANDELL

Keep the ball rollin'
Keep the ball rollin'
Girl, the name of the game is love
On your mark, get set
Let the kissin' start
And just a-keep the ball rollin', baby
right into my heart.

How can you ask me to try
And get by with just one little kiss
The kissin' you do
I need a second helpin' too
When you light the fire in my heart
And every part of me is burning
You've got to put your lips closer to
mine, girl
You got to follow it through
(You got to follow it through)
(You got to follow it through).

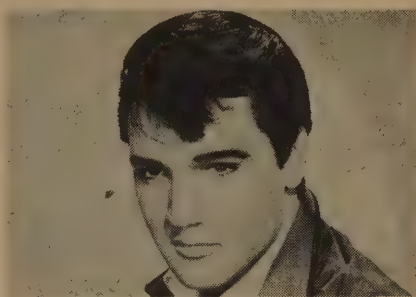
Keep the ball rollin'
Keep the ball rollin'
Girl, the name of the game is love
On your mark, get set
Let the kissin' start
And just a-keep the ball rollin', baby
right into my heart.

Half of a loaf isn't better than none
When I'm starvin' for you
Don't hold me tight if every night we
stop at two
If you want me there when you call
Then girl, it's all or nothing
Next time you do
You got to put your lips closer to mine
Girl, you got to follow it through
(You got to follow it through)
(You got to follow it through).

And just a-keep the ball rollin', baby
Keep the ball rollin'
Girl, the name of the game is love
On your mark, get set
Let the kissin' start
And just a-keep the ball rollin', baby
right into my heart.

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● BIG BOSS MAN



(As recorded by Elvis Presley/RCA
Victor)

REED

Big boss man, can't you hear me when
I call
Big boss man, can't you hear me when
I call
Can't you hear me when I call
Well you ain't so big
You know you're just tall that's all,
all right.

You've got me working boss man
Working around the clock
I want a little drink of water
But you won't let me stop
Big boss man, now can't you hear me
when I call
I said you ain't so big
You know you're just tall that's all
Big boss man, why can't you hear me
when I call all right
You know you ain't so big
I said you're just tall that's all, all right.

I'm gonna get me a boss man
One gonna treat me right
Work hard in the daytime
Rest easy at night
Big boss man, can't you hear me when
I call

I said you ain't so big
You're just tall that's all.

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● OVERLOVIN' YOU

(As recorded by The Electric Flag, An
American Band/Columbia)

MIKE BLOOMFIELD

What can I do to keep myself from
overlovin' you
What can I do I need you
When I'm with you, I don't act the way
I should
Can't help myself, baby
That's no good
Things I should be concealin'
Lord, I cannot hide
I can't keep from revealin' when I'm
not satisfied
I've got to, got to have all your lovin'.

When I'm with you I act very strange
Can't help myself, baby
I'll never change
Don't you know that true love is so hard
to find
I need you, don't you know
You mess up my mind
I can't fight it, I can't hide it
I'm so excited now.....

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•BEG, BORROW AND STEAL

(As recorded by The Ohio Express/
Cameo Parkway)

J. DAY
L. ZERATO

You threw me out the night before last
And now you want me back in your
arms again
You think I'm a fool, you treat me like
dirt
You pull the string and hope I will be
your friend
But I know what's on your mind
So I'd rather stay out in the street
without a dime
And I'd rather beg, beg, borrow and
steal
I'd rather beg, beg, borrow and steal
I'd rather beg, beg, borrow and steal
Than go back to you
Than go back to you
Than go back to you.

How long did you think I'd hang around
Pretending not to see the tricks you pulled
on me
There's only so much a man can take
Before his life turns into a tragedy
So I'm getting out now while I can
'Cause I don't want to crawl
I want to walk out like a man
(Repeat chorus).

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•DIRTY MAN

(As recorded by Laura Lee/Chess)
BOBBY MILLER

You're a dirty, dirty man
And you've got a dirty mind
You're a dirty, dirty man
You and that other woman are two of
a kind
But you forgot one thing baby
While you were doing me wrong
That I'm a good housekeeper and I'm
going to take my broom and sweep
All of the dirt, yes sir, out in the street.

You're a dirty, dirty man
Full of so many dirty ways
You're a dirty, dirty man
You've been hiding your little dirt all
over this here place
Here's my chance baby to throw some
mud in your face
'Cause I'm a good housekeeper, I'm
going to take my broom and sweep
All of the dirt, yes I am, out in the street.

Boy, I'm cleaning up my whole house
Fast as I can, daddy
It's time to make everything spic and span.

You're a dirty, dirty man
Oh you done me dirty for so many years,
yes you did baby
You're a dirty, dirty man
And I'm tired of you and your woman
and your dog too, yes I am baby
You're a dirty, dirty man
Oh get out of my house and don't never,
never, never, never come back
You're a dirty, dirty man.

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•ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

(As recorded by Eddie Floyd/Stax)

EDDIE FLOYD
STEVE CROPPER

Well I'm looking for my baby
When I find my baby
Gonna kick back the rug
I'm gonna pull down the shades
Well I know everything's gonna work
out fine
Just me and my baby and a glass of
wine
On a Saturday night oh yeah, on a
Saturday night.

Listen, if we gonna have a good time
And it might as well be a good time
Gonna kick back the rug, gonna pull
down the shades
'Cause I got an itching to be with you
Cause your kind of love I can never
get enough

On a Saturday night oh yeah, on a
Saturday night, all right.

Well I'm looking for my baby oh yeah
And when I find my baby
We gonna go in the back door
Gonna lock up the front door
Well I know everything's gonna work
out fine
Just me and my baby and that good
old wine

On a Saturday night
You know what I'm talking about fellas
Listen, on a Saturday night oh yeah
All right now, on a Saturday night on a
Saturday night
Everything's uptight on a Saturday night.

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•THE HEART OF JULIET JONES

(As recorded by Gary Bonner & Alan
Gordon/Columbia)

ALAN GORDON
GARRY BONNER

Juliet Jones, Juliet Jones
She's in love in a world of her own
But how I long to be a part of
Even win the heart of that lady
Hey hey a-hey hey hey who, yeah
Hey hey hey, woh, woh yeah.

Juliet Jones, Juliet Jones
She's the sweetest girl that I've ever known
And tho' I love her, heaven knows
I just can't get too close to that lady
Hey hey a-hey hey hey woh yeah
Hey hey hey woh woh yeah
Juliet Jones, yeah hey hey hey woh woh
yeah Juliet Jones woh.

Juliet Jones, someday I'm gonna take
her home
Oh yes before somebody takes her no no
Here comes my baby
Hey hey a-hey hey hey woh yeah
Hey hey hey woh woh yeah
Juliet Jones, yeah hey hey hey woh woh
yeah.

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Co., Inc.

•EVERLASTING LOVE

(As recorded by Robert Knight/Rising
Sons)

BUZZ CASON
MACK GAYDEN

Hearts go astray leaving hurt when
they go
I went away just when you needed me so
Filled with regret, I come back beggin'
you forgive, forget
Where's the love we once knew
Open your eyes
Then you'll realize
Here I stand with my everlasting love
Need you by my side
Girl to be my guide
You'll never be denied everlasting love
From the very start
Open up your heart
Be a lasting part of everlasting love.

Where life's river flows
No one really knows
Till someone's there to show the way to
lasting love
Like the sun shines, endlessly it shines
You always will be mine
It's eternal love
When other loves are gone
Ours will still be strong
We have our very own everlasting love.

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Music, Inc.

•AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE

(As recorded by Zalman Yanovsky (Zal-
ly)/Buddah)

GARY BONNER
ALAN GORDON

Oh as long as you're here
All the love in your eyes demands a reply
or two
The radio's playing but nobody's sayin'
that I love you
But just for the record
Particular people like listening to some-
body new
So as long as you're here
Brung some pretzels and beer
And then I'll sing my song to you.

He can tune up, play a little harmony
Can't sing, but I imitate
I do - oooo
Let's go, we'll go bouncing around the
neighborhood
Bong, bong, sure bounces good too
It goes bong, bong bong bong, bong bong
bong bong, bong bong bong bong bong
bong.

As long as you're here all the love in your
eyes
Demands a reply or two
The radio's playing but nobody's sayin'
that I, I love you
Oh as long as you're here
All the love in your eyes
Demands a reply or two
The radio's playing but there's nobody
sayin' that I love you
Is it a hit or a miss, is it a hit or a miss
Is it a hit or a miss, is it a hit or a miss.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•SHE IS STILL A MYSTERY

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/
Kama Sutra)

JOHN SEBASTIAN

Remember hallways, your waiting always
To see behind the door
You never seen her
You're gonna meet her
The first time so insure
She smiles your way through a window
You smile right back, she runs away
You wish little girls would sit still just
a little bit longer and
She is still a mystery to me.

I thought I'd grow up gracefully
I'd understand her thoroughly
But the more I see, the more I see
There is to see, there is to see
And she is still a mystery to me
She is still a mystery to me
I used to wonder when in thunder
understanding's done
But now I'm grasping that understand-
ing's only part of love
She smiles your way through a window
You smile right back, she runs away
You wish little girls would sit still
just a little bit longer and
She is still a mystery to me.

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Music.

•TEN LITTLE INDIANS

(As recorded by Nilsson/RCA
Victor)

HARRY NILSSON

Ten little Indians standing in a line
One stood lookin' at another man's wife
then there were nine
Nine little Indians, their hearts all full
of hate
One took his neighbor's goods then
there were eight
Eight little Indians, they just got down
from heaven
One told a lie about another's best
friend
Then there were seven
Seven little Indians, all tryin' to get
their kicks
One thought he'd found another way to
get to heaven then there were six
Six little Indians, all tryin' to stay alive
One took another's life then there were
five.

Five little Indians, all tryin' to find the
door
One pulled his mother down then there
were four
Four little Indians, all thinkin' that they
gotta be free
One little Indian forgot to say his prayers
then there were three
Three little Indians, decidin' what they're
gonna have to do
One took the name of God in vain then
there were two
Two little Indians, thinkin' that they
ought-a have some fun
One took a likin' to a picture of himself
then there was one,
One little Indian out lookin' for the sun
At six o'clock the moon came out then
there were none.

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•YOU MEAN THE WORLD TO ME



(As recorded by David Houston/Epic)

GLEN SUTTON

BILLY SHERRILL

Daylight comes and bluebirds sing
And outside the grass is green
But I don't care if the sun shines
or it's raining
'Cause I'm happy as can be
As long as you will stand by me
And nothing this side of heaven can
make me change.

'Cause you (I love you, I love you
you make all dreams come true)
You mean all the world to me
You start my day with one sweet kiss
Keep my world turning with tenderness
You always say the right things when I'm
blue.

When dark clouds threat to cover my sky
And temptation looks me straight in the eye
It all disappears when you say I love you
'Cause you (I love you, I love you
you make all my dreams come true)
You mean all the world to me.

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•IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

(As recorded by Ray Charles/ABC)

ALAN & MARILYN BERGMAN
QUINCY JONES

In the heat of the night
Seems like a cold sweat creeping cross
my brow, oh yes
In the heat of the night
I'm a-feelin' motherless somehow
Stars with evil eyes stare from the sky
(In the heat of the night)
Ain't a woman here before knows how
to make the morning come
So hard to keep control
Well I could sell my soul for just a little
light
In the heat of the night
I've got trouble wall to wall
Oh yes I have
I repeat in the night
Must be an ending to us all
Oh Lord, it won't be long
Yes, just you be strong
And it'll be all right
In the heat of the night.

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•EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR HEART

(As recorded by The Soul Survivors/
Crimson)

GAMBLE

HUFF

I've been tryin' to get to you for a
long time
'Cause constantly you've been on my
mind
I was thinking about a short cut I could
take
But it seems like I made a mistake
Well, I was wrong
Ooh, took too long
I got caught in the rush hour
A fellow started to shower you with love
and affection
Now you won't look in my direction
On the expressway to your heart
That expressway's not the best way
At five o'clock it's much too crowded
It's much too crowded, sure is crowded
Much too crowded, oh yeah.

There's too many ahead of me
They're all tryin' to get in front of me
I thought that I could find a clear road
ahead
But I found stoplights instead
I was wrong, baby, took too long
I got caught in the rush hour
A fellow started to shower you with love
and affection
Come on look in my direction
On the expressway to your heart
That expressway's not the best way
At five o'clock it's much too crowded
Much too crowded, so crowded.

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•LAZY DAY

(As recorded by Spanky & Our Gang/
Mercury)

TONY POWERS

GEORGE FISCHOFF

Blue sky, sunshine
What a day to take a walk in the park
Ice cream, daydream
Till the sky becomes a blanket of stars
What a day for a picnic
Daisies and lots of red balloons
And what a day for holdin' hands
And bein' with you.

Lazy day just right for lovin' away
Lazy day made for a strollin' the lane
Baby you and me
(You and me)
And a honey bee
'Neath a shady tree
Lazy day, lazy day, lazy day,
you and me.

Blue sky, sunshine
Flowers bloomin', squirrels sayin' hello
Rowboats, bird notes
People smilin' everywhere that we go
What a day to be together
And what a sky of blue
And what a day for thinkin' right out loud
I love you
(Repeat chorus).

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

• NEVER MY LOVE

(As recorded by The Association/
Warner Bros.)

**DON ADDRISI
DICK ADDRISI**

You ask me if there'll come a time
When I grow tired of you
Never my love, never my love
You wonder if this heart of mine
Will lose its desire for you
Never my love, never my love.

What makes you think love will end
When you know that my whole life
depends on you
Never my love, never my love.

You say you fear I'll change my mind
And I won't require you
Never my love, never my love, my love.

How can you think love will end
When I've asked you to spend your
whole life with me
Never my love, never my love, my love.
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• TO SIR WITH LOVE

(As recorded by Lulu/Epic)

**DON BLACK
MARC LONDON**

Those school girl days of telling tales
and biting nails are gone
But in my mind I know they will still
live on and on
But how do you thank someone who
has taken you from crayons to perfume
It isn't easy
But I'll try
If you wanted the sky
I'd write across the sky
In letters that would soar a thousand
feet high
To sir, with love.

The time has come for closing books and
long last looks must end
And as I leave I know that I am leaving
my best friend
A friend who taught me right from wrong
And weak from strong
That's a lot to learn
What, what can I give you in return
If you wanted the moon
I would try to make a start
But I would rather you let me give
my heart
To sir, with love.

Those awkward years have hurried by
Why did they fly away
Why is it so children grow up
To be people one day
What takes the place of climbing trees
and dirty knees
In the world outside
What is there for you I can buy
If you wanted the world I'd surround it
with a wall I'd scrawl
These words with letters ten feet tall
To sir, with love.

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• EVEN THE BAD TIMES ARE GOOD

(As recorded by the Tremeloes/Epic)

**PETER CALLANDER
MITCH MURRAY**

There are times in this life of mine
I think that the sun forgot how to shine
But as long as you're always there
It don't bother me 'cos why should I care
(When) all I've gotta do is run to you.

Even the bad times are good
Soon as I get to you baby
You just gotta hold me and even the
bad times are good good oowah.

When the day seems to drag along
And all that I do is working out wrong
Still I find that I never cry
As long as I know that you're standing by.

Even the bad times are good
Soon as I get to you baby
You just gotta kiss me and even the bad
times are good good oowah.

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• LET LOVE COME BETWEEN US

(As recorded by James & Bobby Purify/Bell)

**JOE SOBOTKA
JOHNNY WYKER**

Baby I found a way to stop all this
fussin', yeah
It's just not right darling
The way that we fight
Girl, if you would listen to what we have
to say
We could stop all this fussin'
And we could do it this way
We could let love come between us
And let love bring us together
And let love be born today
And let love, let love live forever.

I don't believe that you realize
How much I need you darling
And the way my heart cries
It's so hard for us to get along
And if you'd only listen to the words of
our song
And let love come between us
And let love bring us together
And let love be born today
And let love, let love live forever.

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• I DIG ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC

(As recorded by Peter, Paul & Mary/Warner Bros.)

**PAUL STOOKEY
JAMES MASON
DAVE DIXON**

I dig rock 'n' roll music
And I love to get the chance to
play (and sing it)
I think it's about the happiest sound
goin' down today

The message may not move me
Or mean a great deal to me but hey
It feels so groovy to say: I dig the
Mama's and Papa's
At "The Trip" Sunset Strip in L.A.
And they got a good thing goin'
When the words don't get in the way
And when they're really wailing
Michelle and Cass are sailing
Hey, they really nail me to the wall.

I dig Donovan in a dream-like trip-
ped-out way
His crystal images tell you 'bout a
brighter day
And when the Beatles tell you they've
got a word "love" to sell you
They mean exactly what they say
I dig rock 'n' roll music
I could really get it on in that scene
I think I could say sumthin'
If you know what I mean
But if I really say it the radio won't
play it
Unless I lay it between the lines.

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• YOUR PRECIOUS LOVE

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell/Tamla)

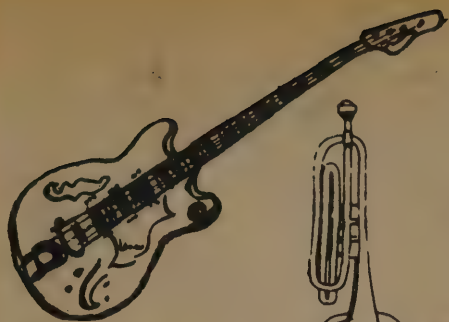
**VALERIE SIMPSON
NICHOLAS ASHFORD**

Every day there's something new
Honey, to keep me loving you
And with every passing minute
So much joy wrapped up in it
Oh heaven must have sent you from above
Oh heaven must have sent your
precious love.

And now I've got a song to sing
Tellin' the world about the joy you bring
And ooh you taught me the meaning
of giving
Oh boy to find a love like yours is rare
these days
'Cause you've shown me what happiness
is in so many ways
I look in the mirror and I'm glad to see
laughter in the eyes where tears used
to be

What you've given me I could never return
'Cause there's so much girl I've yet to
learn
And I want to show my appreciation
'Cause when I found you I found a new
inspiration
Oh heaven must have sent you from
above
Oh heaven must have sent your precious
love.

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MUSIC SPOTLIGHT



GRACE OF THE AIRPLANE



MOBY GRAPE

It's entirely possible that single recordings will slowly fade out while albums take over. Albums are becoming beautiful productions and are, in fact, selling like singles. But what happened to the Stones' "Flowers" album? We can't understand why they bothered putting it out. It's one of the biggest collections of throw-aways we've ever heard. Yes, it's a gigantic seller, but so is "Valley Of The Dolls." We give "Flowers" the Yech award for pretending to be something it's not. However, news comes from London that the Stones will be producing their own recordings from now on. They're currently working on an album, including art work and package design. Andrew Oldham will devote his time to his own label, Immediate. It is understood that the Stones album, to be released in November, will be a revolutionary departure from their usual stuff./The pop cycle is due to return to the blues. Jazz needs it and rock and roll needs it. The Stax explosion is being heard around the world. Dig the old Little Richard albums on Specialty. Paul Butterfield is growing. Mike Bloomfield is coming on Columbia. B.B. King says it can be done with advertising. Eric Clapton will do it. Jimi Hendrix can do it if he wants to./The Moby Grape album deserves much more. Play it loud and often./Best record this month is "Ballad Of You & Me & Pooneil." The Airplane is beautiful vocally and instrumentally. That's Grace Slick playing piano. Beautiful drumming. In general, it shakes the guts just right. Don't miss the next album, "After Bathing At Baxter's," due shortly. □



B.B. KING



THE ELECTRIC FLAG, AN AMERICAN MUSIC BAND

Search For A New Sound

At a Beatle concert in Shea Stadium, New York City, a few years ago, the screaming crowds saw an electric sign flash, "The Rascals are coming...the Rascals are coming" over and over again during the evening.

The Young Rascals were, at the time, the hottest group to hit New York. They had crowds lined up around the block waiting to get into any club where they were playing. Their fans included teenyboppers and the discotheque-hopping jet set. It looked like Felix Cavaliere, Eddie Brigati, Gene Cornish and Dino Danelli would be the American boys who could turn back the raging tide of Beatlemania.

Several months later the much-heralded group released a record, "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Any More," which became a modest hit. Their second single, "Good Lovin'," was even bigger. But the promise that the Young Rascals would become an American Beatles never materialized. Their next few records didn't go very far.

Some pseudo-hippies dismissed them

as just another noisy group suitable only for demolishing people's eardrums in tiny discotheques. *Crawdaddy* magazine pronounced their second album "a great disappointment" and "totally unexciting."

Felix admitted that the advance publicity had both helped and hindered the Rascals. "It gave us a better choice when record companies and nightclubs were bargaining to get us. We got, more or less, what we wanted at the time. It hurt us because it didn't enable us to develop the way we wanted to develop. Like, we put a record out because it was the time to release a record, not because we were ready. The public expected a record from us."

Early in 1966, when "Good Lovin'" was riding high on the charts, Felix had confided that the Rascals' sound was still developing. "There's the on-stage sound and the on-records sound which is a completely different thing. Onstage our sound is together, but on records we haven't been able to find it yet. We don't know whether a hit will make us find it. When it's there,

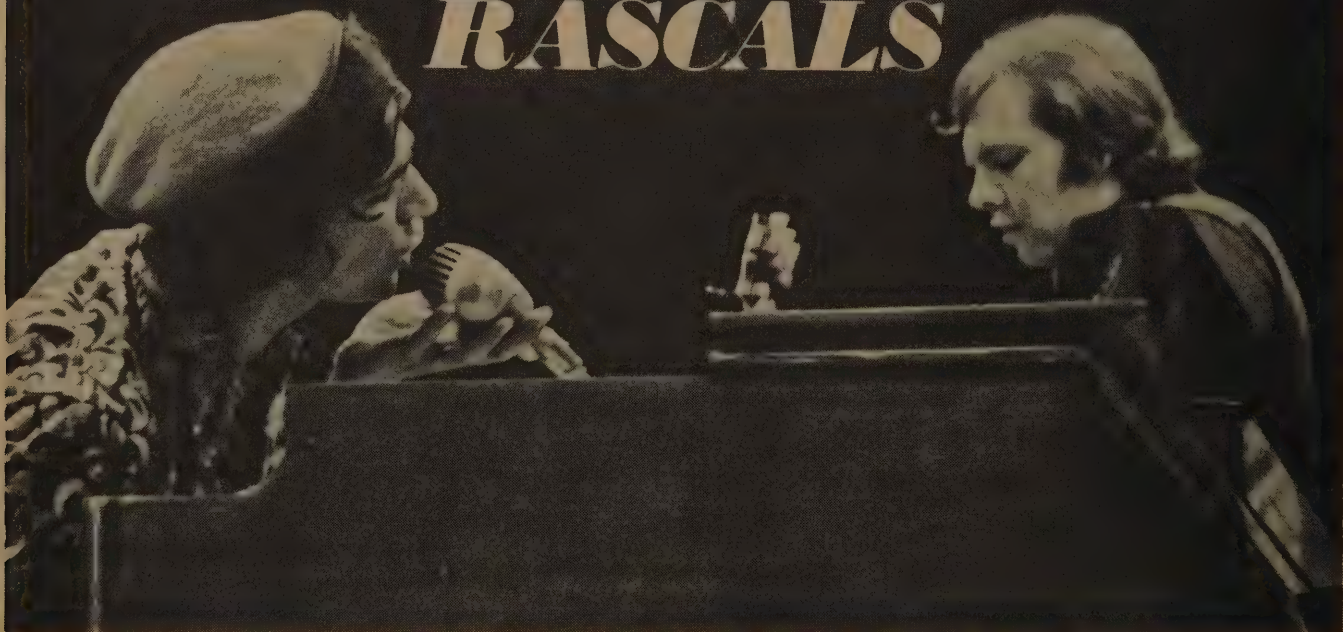
I hope we can recognize it. We haven't had that much experience in the recording studio. We're producing ourselves and we're struggling to find a sound."

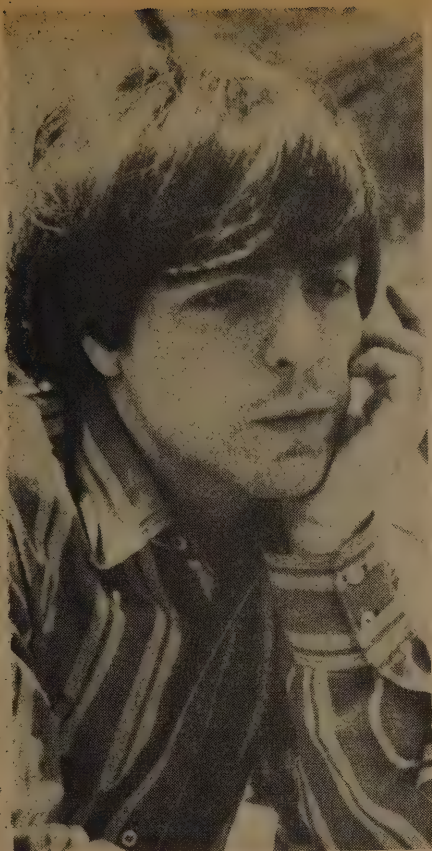
"The first Rascals album was hard soul, push, let's-knock-the-brains-off-everybody kind of music," Felix continued. "It wasn't us. It was our interpretation of other people's music. 'Good Lovin'' was written by someone outside the group. But I'm very proud to say that a lot of groups copied us. That's the highest form of flattery. They grabbed our instrumentation, our harmony and our interplay between instruments. That meant we must have had something going for us and it gave us the courage to try things of our own."

"We released two of our own songs. They were mediocre hits. One made the top 20, the other made #50 or something."

"The songs that we wrote weren't good and they weren't bad. They were just us. We had to learn how to relate what we were trying to say to

YOUNG RASCALS





the public in their terms so they could understand it. When we got too far out, they didn't want to hear it...a la 'Come On Up' and things like that.

"Then we started to travel. We got off the instruments that we were using and into different things. 'Lonely Too Long' was a hit that we wrote ourselves.

"Finally we've hit on a working formula," Felix said recently. "Now, things just seem to click together. Basically, I write the music and the title. I go to Mr. Brigati and tell him what we want to say in the song. He has an unbelievable talent with words and a tremendous flair for telling a story."

One afternoon a few months ago Gene Cornish gave me an indication of how far the Young Rascals had progressed. "On our new single there isn't any organ, there is no guitar and there are no regular drums," he told me. "There's a bass, a harpsichord, a piano, a conga drum, tambourine, vibes, a harmonica, a vocal and birds. We brought in these birds from the Musician's Union, Local 802."

The record was "Groovin'," of course. It was a radical departure from the Rascals' hard-rocking sound but it was a gigantic hit. Another single in the same vein, "A Girl Like You," and a new Atlantic album followed.

"I was a little scared when we released our 'Groovin'' album because I wasn't sure the people who identified us with one particular sound would grab it," Felix said.

"The album has Spanish sounds. 'Groovin'' is in the form of a bolero. There's an East-Indian sound and there's three-part vocal harmonies like the Beach Boys and Beatles do. It's very different, but the reason we did it was because of the confidence we had after we had a hit record. We wanted to try our new ideas.

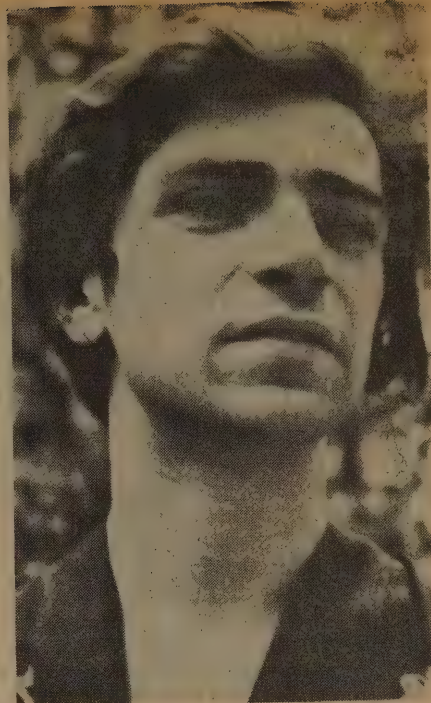
"Musically, we're now going into a more controlled atmosphere," explained Felix. "It's not going to be just wildness anymore. It's going to be quiet, controlled grooviness. We're emphasizing voices more. We're saving Eddie. When people really hear the way he's going to sing, he's going to knock out the world. He has a beautiful, unbelievable voice.

"Eddie's older brother Dave, who has a voice from Heaven, is helping us out."

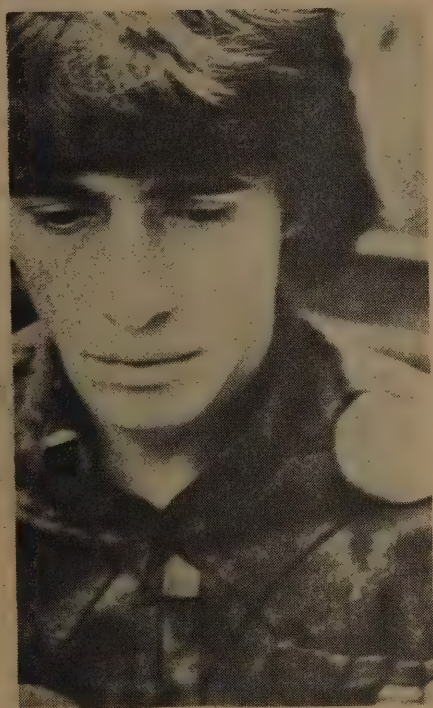
"Now, we're going into new things much, much deeper and further than I had expected we could do so soon," said Gene.

"Our music hasn't reached the point where people say, 'What the heck is that?'" Felix insisted. "Instead, the reaction is, 'Hey! Wow! That's nice. That's different.'"

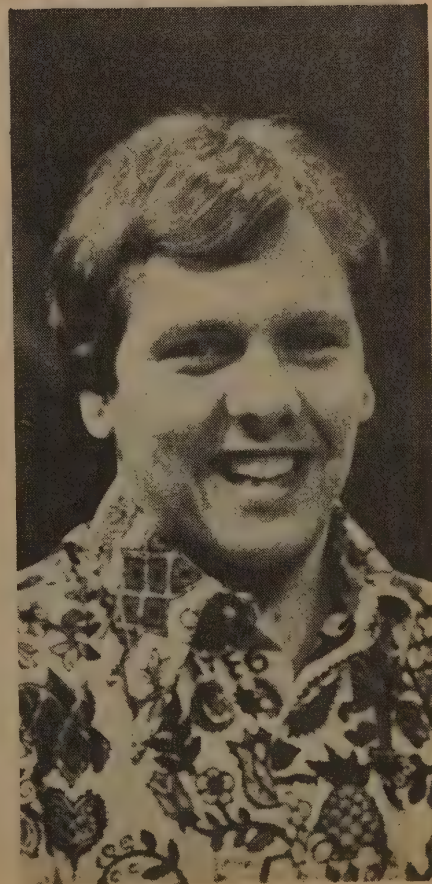
That's how the Young Rascals developed their groovy new sound. □
don paulsen



FELIX GENE



DINO EDDIE



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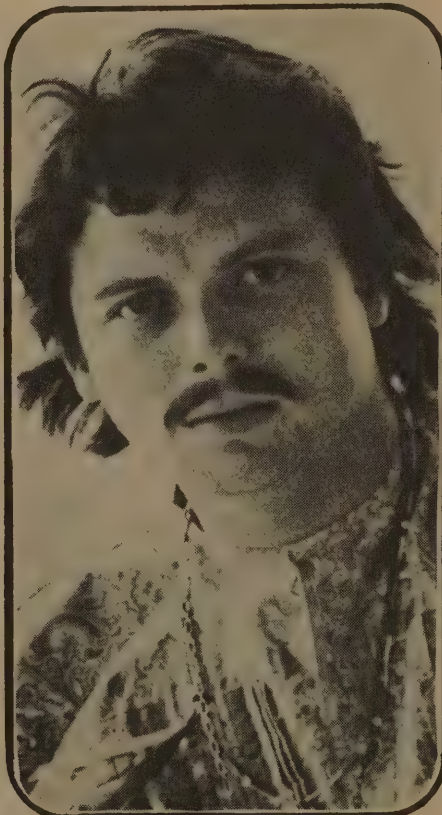
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SCOTT McKENZIE Discusses "THE MOVEMENT"



When the Journeymen broke up (the Journeymen consisted of Scott, John Phillips and Dick Weissman), I didn't know what I really wanted to do. I thought I'd want to be a singer but I didn't really know what I wanted to sing about. I didn't have the state of mind that said, "Yeah, here's something happening, I want to be a part of it." So I dropped out of the whole business and bummed around for a

year or so. I did some character acting with small productions outside of New York for a while.

I didn't even have contact with John for almost two years. I met him again in Washington, D.C. and we decided we would like to work together again. John wanted to produce me and I wanted to sing some songs. That's why I moved to L.A.

I really think someone should help New York along. I don't want to be cynical but the last time I was in New York, the young people just didn't seem to understand what "the movement" is about. There's still a lot of hostility, and negative attitudes.

I don't know exactly what "the movement" is myself. I hate to use labels. I guess we're talking about flowers and that whole thing. You can't take the news coverage of it too seriously. The original concept of the flower thing is really beautiful. People in radio and magazines, etc. have exploited this concept and run it into the ground. It's still a very simple idea. Flowers are a state of mind. That's the idea of my song "San Francisco." At the session, I wore flowers in my hair because I love the idea. The diggers say, if you put a flower in somebody's hand, something happens to them. They're more inclined to think peaceful rather than hostile thoughts. But the radio stations jumped on it - flower power and all that.

There is an anti-intellectual aspect in "the movement." I can't answer for the others, but I'm anti-intellectual because it makes communication more difficult. To talk with someone you must use words which are also ideas, and then you have to define terms. I might mean something different from what you think I mean. An intellectual attitude is trying to figure something out - putting it down on paper. How can you do that?

I think a lot of these kids live by spontaneity. It's not something to be figured out. It just happens and then it's gone. If you can work at being spontaneous and just living, this is going to be essentially good and not bad.

I know I was brought up on the idea that a spontaneous way of life was a bad life. I had to follow a certain code. Now there's nothing wrong with going and getting a job, but there is something wrong when people believe that's the only thing good to do and everything else is bad.

I was asked the other day, "How are these dirty-guy dropouts with long hair contributing to society?" I feel they need time to think. Maybe some day, when they've collected their ideas and they figure out what they like and what they don't like, they'll become reinvolved and be very construc-

tive. You have to be patient. I believe that what's happening is good. I hope the people in the movement aren't blamed for the triteness of it because what they believe in is still good and valid.

I've been all over the country and Canada. Maybe there's something about California, the people's minds. It's very open here. There's a lot of room.

Take New York. Professional people there are very traditional. They don't integrate the different parts of their lives. They live in one place and they work in another place. Their life style is different from their work style. The way people work in New York is so negative. Everybody is in such a hurry and obsessed with making money.

In California I'm just trying to live my life and hopefully be lucrative, but not separating my life. You have to be a total person - integrating your personal feelings and your ambitions. Putting everything together and making sure you keep it together. Everywhere I go, I see people who have made their money and they're very cynical about it. Then they go home after a day of making money and live a different life. I was very upset by that when I lived in New York.

Like a discotheque opened recently in New York. They had strobe lights and all the psychedelic phenomenon-menon-menon. Nothing was together. You'd see a light flashing, somebody'd do a funny thing up on the stage, somebody dancing. If you see that in California, everything is involved. The lights are part of the people, the people in the audience, the people on stage, it's vibrating. It's one total thing happening. There's still a lot of camping going on back East.

I've read several articles about "the movement" that took a sociological attitude, which is out of my realm. They're trying to explain the whole hippie thing. They don't seem to make any sense. A professor of sociology talked to me for some information on a paper he was writing on "the movement." What it has to do with society, etc. We were trying to figure it out. He was very naive.

What has to happen is simple. We have to bring all the warring factions together. Bring them to the table. Like the Monterey Pop Festival. Nobody thought that would ever work. But it did. Everybody you could think of was together for three days. There were no incidents, no hostility, no arrests. There were 45,000 people there. Forget the flower power and get beneath it. These kids have something.

I heard Ray Bradbury on TV the other night. The interviewer was very skeptical but Bradbury, whom I respect very much, said the people in-

volved in the movement were really trying to discover a way to relate to themselves, to the universe and to God. Actually rediscover God and prayer and religion. I think what Bradbury said is accurate. People are learning how to love again. They're learning how to relate to people and things in the world with a loving attitude. Now that's a different attitude from the people who run or control the world. They have always related with mistrustful and hostile ideas.

I don't even know if this generation wants to accomplish anything in terms of achievement the way you and I know achievement. I'm not even sure any more if achievement is that important - good job, money and status. I think this generation is more concerned with living, trying to discover a way of life that is peaceful. They're trying to find different values from the ones we have heard of, or rather forgotten.

Now the people whose job it is to report the news have made all this into a fad. It's the usual thing that happens in this business. Despite the fadist publicity, the deeply-involved people are still trying to live honestly.

I'm involved in my own way. I'm doing the same thing but I refuse to be put into a category. I don't believe there really is a "flower generation." I believe there are groups of people of all ages from all walks of life, that are trying to do the same thing - reinspect their values.

These people are contributing something we can use. They are having a peaceful effect. It's true that they are throwing off all tradition and seeking total freedom. But it also implies that being free in itself is a worthwhile value. Probably the most worthwhile human value there is. I hope that's what's happening. It would be great. If nothing happens from this other than total freedom, that is, at least, a step in the right direction.

If we can change our minds and gain respect for ourselves, and believe that our mind and body functions are good, then we will accomplish something. It's not a rebellious thing at all. It's a human thing, doing what is obvious and natural. Still, this is all words. I'd much rather just sing my songs.

I've always been a lyrical singer. That's all I am. I like beautiful melodies and lyrical ideas that are related to me at the time. The lyrics must be gentle and not pushy. Whatever happens in other people's heads through my songs doesn't matter. As long as they feel something.

Right now I'm concerned about my album. I have to come up with twelve songs and I'm not even sure I have twelve songs. □ jim delehant



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After Hours With The **BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND**

Listening to the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, either playing their music or simply rapping in an after-hours bull session, is an education in the blues. You can also get a lot of insight into the feelings and the humor of serious musicians.

One evening, after the band had whipped up a hurricane of sounds at the Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village, I joined Butterfield, guitarist Elvin Bishop and the three new members, tenor saxophonist Eugene Dinwittie, trumpeter Keith Johnson and bass player Buggy Maugh, in the Dugout Bar. Mostly, I just listened as everyone talked about their music, their personal histories and anything else that seemed appropriate at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"Hey, listen. I think here's the difference between us and some other band," Keith says. "All we're trying to do is play music to the best of our ability. It just comes out blues."

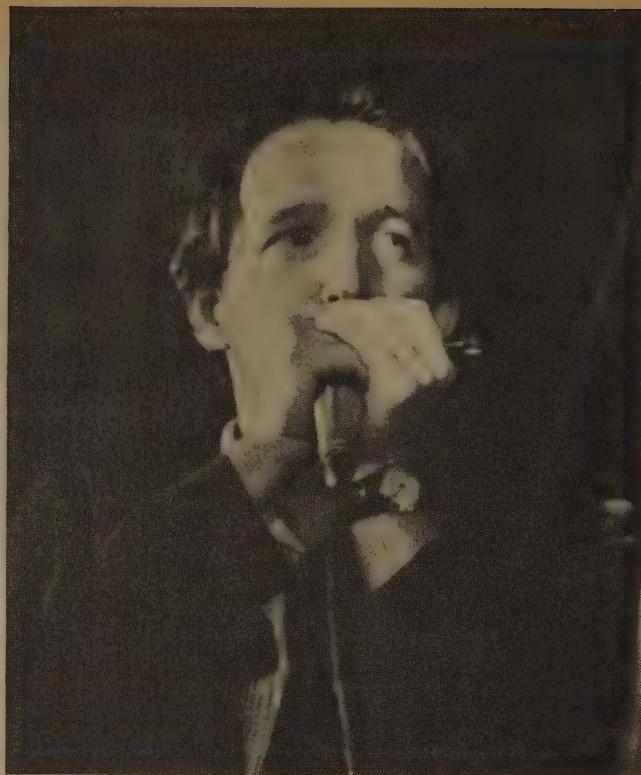
"After I finally relaxed in this band, I didn't start trying to play bluesy or anything else. I just started trying to play the best I could."

"Dig. I don't want to get into music so deeply, trying to play far-out, that I can't play funky," admits Buggy.

"Who's trying to play far-out?" Elvin asks.

"I've worked with quite a few of the big names and they seem to know that they're big stars, therefore they don't tolerate any individuality from sidemen," Buggy says. "But in the Butterfield Blues Band you're able to put a lot more of yourself into it and you really enjoy what you're doing."

"It's a real band. You're not up there playing the same thing over and over and over. It's a very sound band with a lot of very good ideas from everyone. They're all interested in pulling the group together."



Buggy Maugh got most of his musical background in St. Joseph, Missouri, where he was born. He started out playing the piano, later switched to guitar and now he plays bass and sings lead on a couple of songs with the Butterfield Band. His earliest musical preference was Country & Western, until he discovered B.B. King, Freddy King and James Brown.

Buggy was driving a truck when Paul, on a recommendation from Buddy Miles, called him. Now Buggy is making money and he's happier being a full-time musician, even though he has to spend a lot of time away from home.

"Music is a business that you have to put yourself into all the time," he says.

"Hey," whispers Keith, "I wanna talk about blues bands. Elvin lives and is as down home and as funky as any 75-year-old Negro sharecropper from Mississippi."

Keith is wearing a straw cowboy hat. Elvin taunts him with, "Go on back to the plantation, man. And when are you gonna free the slaves?"

"We're not!" says Butterfield.

Everybody cracks up.

"They make the hippest music," Keith says.

"The slaves are trying to teach Butterfield how to play possum bones," smiles Elvin.

The band's new trumpet player volunteers a self-biography.

"My name is Keith Johnson and all these cats call me Twiggy. But that's their problem," said a six-foot, three-inch tall, 210-pound, mustached musician over a background of laughter.

"I play the trumpet, I've played organ in a couple of rock & roll bands and I'm studying tambourine under Gene Dinwittie," he adds.

Keith is 27, he's been playing the trumpet for fifteen years and he's worked in a lot of blues bands on the West Coast before he came to New York in 1963.

"The first music that grooved me was by Lester Young. He's still my favorite player," says Keith. "My favorite singer, likewise, is Billie Holiday. The sides they made together is some of the best music in the world. Those two people in particular really grooved me. Lester Young played with so much tenderness it just makes you sit right down and cry. He turns my mind around year after year."

"Another player who influenced me later on, around

1955, was Charlie Parker.

"The trumpet player who's really playing right now is Don Cherry. He's my man. It's really sad because he can't seem to find any work in the United States.

"Being a full-time musician is not always something that you decide to do," Keith explains. "It has a lot to do with luck, circumstance and your getting it together. Like, Gene Dinwittie is a monster tenor saxophone player. He can play with the best of them. Yet he was driving a bus in Chicago for two or three years. Buggy was driving a truck and he's an out-of-sight bass player. He used to be with Wilson Pickett."

"I worked in a steel mill," says Elvin.

"Right," continues Keith, "I drove a truck. You just try to play your best through it all. About two or three years ago I reconciled myself to the fact that I might not ever be able to make any bread out of playing music. I had made a lot of bread in the past, but then I got more interested in the music than the bread and I just said, 'The heck with it'. If I drive a truck for the rest of my life, I'll still wanna play music, even if it's not my vocation. There are a lot of playing truck drivers or factory workers. I'm just a lucky truck driver."

Next, I asked Gene Dinwittie for his musical background. At first, he claimed that he was "raised in Africa by Tarzan." Finally he gave us the facts, which are: "Born Sept. 19, 1939...that's close enough. Started playing saxophone in 1958. I was hung up with a saxophone and I didn't have anything else to do with it."

"Tell him," urge the members of the band. "Tell him you won it in a crap game."

"Harold Land and Sonny Stitt were influences," continued Gene. "I used to cop Stitt's solos and stuff."

"I had tried everyday jobs, but I was always searching. My life wasn't complete in what I was doing, although I wasn't necessarily suffering or anything."

"I didn't get serious about the music until 1962, at which time I had a job, as Keith said before, driving a bus in Chicago up and down Madison Street. You dig it? Right down the middle of Chicago."

"Two things you must include," interjected Elvin. "Dinwittie told me he used to let the winos on his bus free. The second thing is, Otis Rush is really a great guitar player, and insofar as I can play any guitar at all, I give all the credit to Otis Rush."

"Who were some of the people you played saxophone with before you joined Butterfield?" I asked Gene.

"Chicago Transit Authority," he said. "I used to play out at the end of the line. People would always jump on me because the bus was late. I played too long. Richard Abrams, of the MJT & 3, influenced a lot of younger musicians around

Chicago. I was in the crop. Mostly we played in bands."

Gene's favorite saxophone player is... "Trane - who else? But there are a lot of dudes who are doing the thing. As far as I'm concerned, anybody who would aspire to pick up an instrument and have the nerve to do the thing, I dig. I saw two little boys at the rehearsal today. I'd met them when I was in New York before. I imagine they're about 16 and 17 years old. Every time I see these kids we talk about the music. They're influential as far as I'm concerned."

"There are so many cats who are doing so many different things I wouldn't want to stop and say any one cat is the stellar dude."

"I met Paul in Chicago about three years ago. He approached me about this gig back in the winter."

Paul and Gene reminisce about the old days, then Elvin mentions that the Butterfield Band's audience contains "Fewer jive teenyboppers than anybody who's been at the Au Go Go."

"What we all really like, I think, is when old dudes come in: some old cat in a double-breasted suit, a mason pin, his hair slicked down and bifocals. The cat will come up to us afterward, his eyes all bugged out, and say, 'I really liked that', like it was a big surprise to him that he was going to like something. That's pretty groovy," says Keith. "But it doesn't happen very often."

"The thing I really dig now is music that can uplift you. Like, a lot of people come off our tune, 'The Gemini People,' and say it really made them feel spiritually good. That's really groovy."

"There's a lot of players that do that now. I felt that way listening to John Coltrane and Pharoah Saunders play duets in concerts, or just Coltrane by himself. Cecil Taylor did that to me one time. Ravi Shankar, of course."

"The grooviest music I've heard in recent months is Janis Joplin, with Big Brother & The Holding Co., at the Monterey Pop Festival. We were just hanging out backstage, waiting, when all of a sudden Janis Joplin sang 'Look Down On Me' and, to use the rock & roll cliché, she blew our minds. She sings the blues, not with just her voice. She's really into it. She's very feminine."

Keith points to a petite young lady sitting at the table and says, "That's why Susanna's music is groovy. It's feminine. It's not a chick trying to sound like a cat. She writes and sings. Her stuff is sort of like Donovan or Dylan from a chick's point of view. Look out for Susanna Campbell."

The discussion got onto the subject of how important different influences are on a musician.

"When you play music, what comes out is going to be you. It can't be anybody else," Keith insists.

"No, not really," Buggy contends.

"A whole lot of cats go through life copying somebody else's style," says Elvin. "They say, 'Well, Kenny Burrell wouldn't do that. I can't do that'."

"You're probably five or six cats rolled into one," suggests Buggy.

"Oh, I didn't mean I was some great individual," says Keith. "All I meant is that what comes out of me is me, no more, no less."


"Still, it's the things that influence you," Buggy says. "Like, if I'd never heard of Freddy King, I probably couldn't sing a note."

Elvin comes to the conclusion that "everyone has influences, but the things that you choose to be influenced by are determined by yourself."

The session ends with a few words from Buggy on people who are too serious about categorizing music. "People draw lines sometimes and say, 'This is blues. We'll put it over here' and 'This is jazz. It goes here,' and so forth. People who draw lines are amazing, because you can't draw lines on music."

Don't put any kind of label on the Butterfield Band. Just enjoy their music. □ don paulsen.





Session With SPENCE

"Saw you walkin' down the street
hiddin' someone else's foot!" sang gui-
tarist Phil Sawyer cheerily. The Spencer
Davis Group cracked up momentarily,
pausing in their search for an alternative
line. "Guys! Don't Want You No More"
was slated to be one of the tracks
on their forthcoming album, the first
with the new personnel.

It was a relatively rare moment of hu-
mor, though, for the SDG take their mu-
sic seriously. After four solid days spent
recording, they were still searching for
yet another of those elusive combina-

tions of lyrics, melody, rhythmic feeling and overall *sound* which adds up to a compelling slice of pop.

Lead singer Phil, who also is writing most of the combo's original material in company with headman/bass guitarist Spence, is one of the two new faces the leader picked to fill the gap left when the virtually irreplaceable vocalist/guitarist/organist/pianist Stevie Winwood quit earlier in the year to form his own combo, the Traffic. The other is curly-headed organist, Eddie Hardin, who looks almost too young to be holding down a gig with Spencer, one of Britain's old men of pop, yet who by his very stance at the keyboard reveals himself to be spiritual inheritor of a modicum of the legendary little Stevie's soul.

The multi-talented, soulful Mr. Winwood would be a hard man to follow in any context, and during the weeks of "on-off" rumors that preceded his departure, the pessimistic pundits of popdom sadly forecast the inevitable demise of the SDG. That Spence is rocketing

back with two unknown faces and drummer Peter Yorke is a tribute to his seriousness about being a musician and his disinclination to give up merely because he'd lost his ace in the hole.

During a break in recording, the affable and articulate Spencer slowed down for a while to talk about his newest acquisitions. "It took a lot of settling down but I'm very pleased with the two new guys," he led off.

"I don't know whether it always works this way but I got more than I expected out of them. For instance, Ed plays organ and sings, but he also plays the organ bass and that's got a tremendous sound. We've just had a conversion job done on his Hammond which splits the keyboard from the bass pedals which go through a separate amp. This is unusual - in fact, the only other guy in England who's likely to have this setup is Stevie Winwood!" he smiled.

As far as the Group's musical aims are concerned, Spence stressed that they would like to concentrate on aspects other than the actual *music*. For example, "You've got to have interesting lyrics, something that people can see a little bit of themselves in. I can't just state exactly what we want, but I hope that the material we're writing and playing will, in fact, reflect the SDG. There

As can be seen from reading between the lines, the easygoing Spencer is a modest man with a serious approach to his music. "Put it this way - I treat writing and playing as important things, so much so that when we go away and whenever there's a form to fill in asking 'occupation,' I always put 'musician.' That loosely conjures up what I am or what I'd like to stay."

And following on from that statement, Spencer, who had the benefits of a university education, declared that if his particular pop bubble should burst tomorrow he would like to stay a musician rather than attempt another aspect of the business. His academic background also crept into a discussion sparked off by his own exceedingly brilliant, multi-hued shirt and scarf and the world's preoccupation with psychedelia.

"The psychedelic thing is gradually crystallizing," he said, "But it's a pity that the word conjures up a lot of evil things in people's minds. It really means 'giving the senses a feast,' a theory that is more or less expounded in Baudelaire's poem, 'Correspondances'." The guitarist looked almost apologetic at bringing up the name of the famous 19th century French poet. "I don't know if you've read any Baudelaire, but that poem has to do with a merging of sight and sound, all the senses, taste and smells. I think it's called a synthesizer, and psychedelia is supposed to have the same effect."

Spencer warmed to his subject. "A song, let's say, evokes an incident, something that you remember from way back in your life. Words like 'golden chimes,' applying the word 'golden' to

{Continued on next page}

are a million and one influences in our music, just as in everyone's, and so it couldn't entirely be described as reflecting the current music scene.

"Rather than following trends, if you can distance yourself or become more objective, that's much more satisfactory. I don't believe in looking around you and saying, 'This is what's happening here' and following that. If I can be excused for saying this, I'd rather set trends than follow them, and that's a very difficult thing to do. I don't profess for one moment to say that we are, but this is what we'd like to do."



Session With SPENCE

a sound, that's what I mean. For instance, if I go to hear a classical concert I like Bach very much - I just love listening to the sound of the harpsichord which has such a distinctive sound because of the way it's constructed. When you strike a note on that, there's a whole range of things that happen in your mind."

Music should appeal not only to the ears, he feels, it should feed the sight as well. "And this is what psychedelia is trying to do."

Spencer considers that the way people are living their lives today, the way they are dressing, and the things they believe in, reflect a desire to "get higher." He smiled, "Well, that is an ambiguous statement but it's genuinely twofold. When you get interested and hung up on things like the science of the occult-something that's all wrapped up in this psychedelic thing - you're interested in subjects very far from our country. You're trying to find out how the Eastern mind works. You're trying, in fact, to *discover*, to have a more universal outlook on life, and I think this is all tied up in music."

The control-room called Spencer back to the job on hand, insisting that he return to listen to some playbacks. "You've digressed quite a lot," I ventured. "These are things I believe," he replied seriously. "Pop music has developed so much and so have the people who play it, you see. At one stage it was just banal sounds, but now people have calmed down and they want to take a more objective view of things. They want to find out why something is happening, why it's working, and a lot of poetry is creeping into pop music. I think this is great."

"One of the classic tracks on the *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* album is *Lucy In the Sky With Diamonds* and that is just pure poetry. Once again the Beatles haven't copied anybody, they've set the trend. Well, not that exactly, they've just been completely original."

Spencer walked back to the control room and the sound of his own group's first efforts. "You know," he said with a mixture of sadness and enthusiasm, (if you can have such a mixture), "I don't think anybody could ever surpass the Beatles, quite frankly. Not in our generation." He opened the door and a blast from Eddie Hardin's organ took him away. □ *valerie wilmer*



Above, Spence counts the bars while listening to a playback. Right, he tells his engineer to subdue one of the vocal tracks. Below, organist Eddie Hardin (Left) consults with guitarist Phil Sawyer while Spence looks on.



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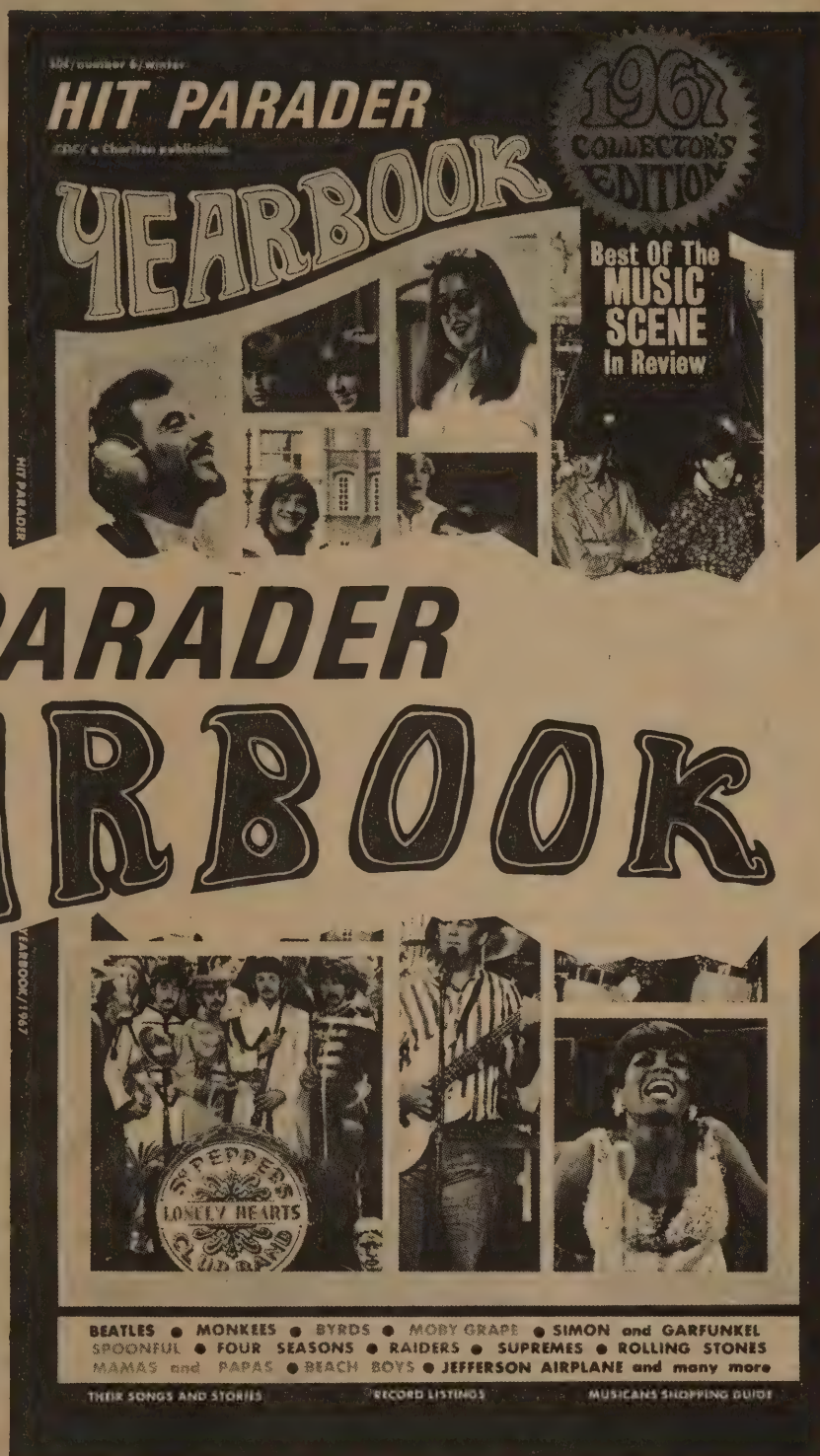
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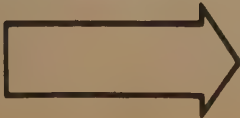
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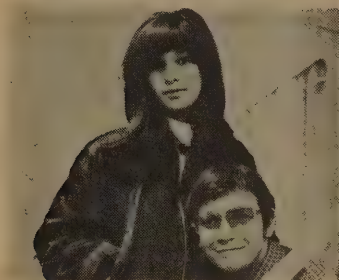
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ZALLY



MARTHA & LOIS REEVES

I shouldn't be telling you all this but...*The Mamas & Papas* are more or less breaking up again. They're all taking a long, lazy "indefinite" vacation from recording and making personal appearances. Their last concerts were in London, Liverpool, Switzerland and Germany... *The Doors'* first album made #1 on the album charts, a rare achievement for a new group...An episode of the *Monkees* TV series, "The Devil And Peter Tork," was rejected by the network because one of the songs, "Salesman," was thought to contain veiled references to drugs. The song was taken out and the episode was rescheduled...*The Beatles* have decided they will not seek a new manager to replace the late *Brian Epstein*.

From now on they'll manage their careers themselves... The coroner's report attributed Epstein's death to an accidental "incautious" overdose of sleeping pills...*Mick Jagger* and *Marianne Faithfull* were attending the weekend meditation course in Bangor, North Wales with the *Beatles*. When the couple returned to London they found that thieves had stolen \$2500 worth of property from Mick's apartment...the *Young Rascals* will embark on a world-wide Music and Peace Tour for the State Department in February, with possible performances in Moscow and Viet Nam...As I predicted in the July Hit Parader, *Eric Burdon* married *Angie King* in London. Among the guests were the *Animals*, of course, *Jeff Beck*, *Hollie Bobby Elliot*, *Zoot Money* and *Person Belgrade*...I spent a few days in London and had a lot of fun. Lovely *Miranda Ward* was my enthusiastic guide.

Beach Boy *Bruce Johnston* was in town, on a merry-go-round of interviews, radio and TV shows, and guest master-of-ceremonies stints in several nightclubs. He joined us several times. Friday night we went to Tiles, a nightclub on Oxford Street (a great place to go shopping) where the *Bee Gees* were appearing. They sound good but their stage act (or as much of it as I could see over the hairy heads of the standing-room-only crowd) isn't overwhelming. Saturday night we went to the Uppercut, a huge, elegantly decorated club with a half dozen rooms on the outskirts of London. *Eric Burdon* and the *New Animals* put on a fantastic show. It's the best group Eric has ever worked with. They're all monster musicians, and Eric's ability to hold an audience has never been better. They did "San Franciscan Nights," "Are You Experienced," "Paint It Black," "Good Times" and "Tobacco Road" even more excitingly than they sound on the group's new MCM album. On our way back to the center of London, Bruce

drove Miranda's car, and he drove us all into hysterics with his clowning around. He was driving on the wrong side of the road and beeping the horn and everything. We had a late dinner at the Speakeasy, a very nice "in" club. *Eric & The Animals* were relaxing there. The food is excellent. I hated to leave London. It's a lovely city...*Moby Grape* makes its movie debut in "The Sweet Ride"...*Brigitte Bardot* and *Sean Connery* co-star together in "Shalenko," now being filmed in Mexico... Miss *Terry Maziarz*, vice president of *Monkees Anonymous*, a fan club at 1187 Broadway, Buffalo, New York (14212), informs me that *Peter Tork* was born on February 13, 1942 and "was married once (for a couple of months) but now divorced." A self-addressed, stamped envelope sent to her will give you details of the club and, presumably, of Peter's past...*Jimi Hendrix* has a psychedelic car...There are 80 musicians backing *Mitch Ryder* on "What Now, My Love." If they had eliminated half of them the record probably wouldn't have sounded so busy...Turtle *Mark Volman's* wife Patricia had a daughter, which they named Sarina... On *Zal Yanovsky's* first solo release on Buddah Records, "As Long As You're Here," he's backed by 4 guitarists, 6 saxophones, 4 trombones, 3 trumpets, piano, organ, drum, Jew's harp played by his friend Larry Henkin (you remember him from "Henry Thomas" on the *Spoonful's* "Daydream" album, don't you?) and 3 female singers. The song was written by that talented team, *Gary Bonner* and *Alan Gordon*, and was produced and arranged by the famous *Jack Nitsche*, but it sounds like a bunch of sounds that have been stuffed into a meat grinder. Apparently they didn't have time to record another song because the flip side is the instrumental track played backwards. Strangely enough, it sounds better than the A side...*Elvis Presley* may soon be facing serious competition as an actor when *Mitch Ryder* makes his movie debut...Meanwhile, back at the ranch, *Elvis* is preparing to play an Indian in the U.S. Marine Corps in "Stay Away, Joe"...Three of the world's top guitarists, *Eric Clapton*, of the *Cream*, *Mike Bloomfield*, of the *Electric Flag*, an *American Music Band*, (that's the group's full name) and jazz guitarist *Larry Coryell* were on the same show at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco recently. Of the three, Larry Coryell got the most enthusiastic reception from the audience... *Bettye Kelley* left *Martha & The Vandellas* so Martha replaced her with her lovely sister *Lois*, who's fresh out of high school. She's been doing a great job... *Mia Farrow* will co-star with *Frank Sinatra* in "The

GOSSIP

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TIM BUCKLEY



THE YOUNGBLOODS

Detective"...Dionne Warwick sings the theme for the movie "Valley Of The Dolls"...Wow, have I heard some super sounds lately! If you ever have a free evening during the week, drop into some club like the Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village, because that's when the musicians from various groups get together for jam sessions. On Tuesday I went to the Au Go Go hoping to dig *Tim Buckley*. Instead, I was treated to a rare session that featured *B.B. King*, the most influential blues guitarist playing today, *Eric Clapton*, a disciple of B.B. and probably England's top guitarist, and *Elvin Bishop*, the sensational guitarist with the *Paul Butterfield Blues Band*. Backing them were new Butterfield Band drummer *Phillip Wilson* and *Jim Fielder*, bass player for the new *Al Kooper* group. In the audience were *Paul Simon*, *Art Garfunkel*, *Janis Ian*, *Ray Manzark* of the *Doors*, *Patrick Sky*, *Eric Andersen*, *Uncle Meat* and *Person Belgrade*...it was great. The following evening I returned, enjoyed the lovely, melodic music of *Tim Buckley* and the driving blues of *Canned Heat*, and I met *Eric Clapton* who was looking for another jam session. I heard that he later sat in with *Canned Heat*, but I had to go uptown to *Steve Paul's Scene* to dig the *Candyman*, a nice up-and-coming group. Within an hour I met *Gene Cornish* of *Young Rascals*, wearing a fringe-trimmed buckskin coat, *Pepe* of the *Blues Magoos*, sporting a sharp new short haircut, *Rich Zehringer* of the *McCoy's* and *Person Belgrade*, carrying a bagful of fried clams...Whatever happened to *Los Bravos*? *Count Five*? *Shadows of Knight*? *Sgt. Barry Sadler*? *Ricky Nelson*? Does anybody out there know?...Very interesting observation: Take the first letter of each line of *Larry Beckett's* liner notes on *Tim Buckley's* "Goodbye And Hello" album. They spell I love Tracy. She's *Larry's* girlfriend. Isn't that sweet?...*Roy Orbison* had a couple of kidney stones removed...Meanwhile, the following Sunday evening at the Cafe Au Go Go, *Paul Butterfield*, *Elvin Bishop* and *Al Kooper* sat in with the *Canned Heat* and wailed up a storm...*The Rascals* cancelled their English tour so they could finish their 4th album and get some much needed rest. They'll be limiting their personal appearances to a few really big concerts, like *Madison Square Garden* in New York...Singer *Neil Diamond* will write songs for and produce "Penny Candy," a 5-boy, 3-girl group he discovered...*The Youngbloods*, a fabulously talented group who haven't yet had the hit they deserve, have moved from New York to San Francisco. Good luck out there, boys!...When I was in England, I heard some cuts from a great album by the *Pink Floyd*. The group

will tour the U.S., beginning October 26 with a week at the Fillmore in San Francisco, and their album, titled "The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn," is being released here on Tower Records...Granny Goes To The Movies: "Our Mother's House" is a chilling tale of seven children who keep their mother's death a secret so they won't be sent to an orphanage. Then their long-lost father, played by *Dirk Bogarde*, returns, looking for anything he can steal. A fascinating and terrifying sequence of events brings the film to its shocking conclusion. The young cast, all British, are superb, as is *Bogarde*. The photography and settings establish the mood magnificently. "Fathom" stars *Raquel Welch* as a Californian dental assistant representing the U.S.

in an international sky-diving competition held in Spain. If one views the half-believable plot and incredible chain of events with a desire for light, "camp" entertainment, then one need not feel conned out of the price of admission. The only real emotion excited is the libido. The geography lesson (both Spain and Raquel) is breath-taking. Wow! "Wait Until Dark" stars *Audrey Hepburn* as the blind wife of a photographer who has unexpectedly come into possession of a toy doll stuffed with drugs. Three gangsters decoy the photog away from his apartment, then launch a series of terror tactics calculated to frighten the blind girl into turning the doll over to them. *Audrey Hepburn* is marvelous, and *Alan Arkin* portrays a criminal so convincingly that the whole audience really hates him. This picture should cop a few Academy Awards...*The Jimi Hendrix Experience* returns to America for a 6-week tour beginning February 4...*Donovan* has written the score for "Poor Cow," a new movie starring *Terrence Stamp*. Don sings two of his songs on the soundtrack...Gosh. All the *Monkees* turned up for the opening night of the *Cream* at the Whiskey a Go Go in Los Angeles...*The Beatles* visited India in October as guests of Maharshi Mahesh Yogi. They rested and meditated...*The Blues Project* broke up. Full details next month...In the *Beatles* TV spectacular, "Magical Mystery Tour," to be shown around Christmas, *Jessie Robbins*, billed as "the world's fattest lady," will play *Ringo's* aunt. The cast also includes midgets, beautiful girls, children, elderly people and the *Beatles* dressed in 1930's gangster outfits. The action more or less centers around four new songs especially written for the hour-long show by John and Paul...Be good, kiddies. Santa Claus is coming. Bye, dearies! □

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List price of the Model PE 566 is \$150.00. This includes a special protective carrying case with foam interior, plus twenty feet of cable with plug attached to fit most musical instrument amplifiers.

For additional information, write to the Shopping Bag.

PHILCO-FORD HIP POCKET RECORDS AND MINIATURE RADIO- PHONOGRAPHS

Philco-Ford Corporation has introduced a new concept in portable music - the combination of mini-sized, unbreakable records with best-selling tunes on each side of the disc and battery-opera-

ted radio-phonographs weighing less than two pounds.

The company is manufacturing and distributing Hip Pocket Radios, a special line of 3 7/8 inch, wafer-thin, 45 RPM discs. (The standard single 45 is 7 inches in diameter.)

Philco-Ford does not have its own artists and repertoire, is not introducing its own records and is not competing with the hits of the day. Rather, they are providing hit recordings by the very artists who made them the standards of pop music. Only songs which have been on the best-selling lists - including many million sellers - will appear in Philco-Ford's new catalog of Hip Pocket (HP) Records.

Among the first Hip Pocket re-issues are Tommy James and the Shondells, "I Think We're Alone Now" c/w "Mirage," and "Hanky Panky" c/w "Gettin' Together;" Sam The Sham and the Pharoahs, "Wooly Bully" c/w "Juju Hand;" Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, "Jenny Take A Ride" c/w "Sock It To Me, Baby;" Neil Diamond, "Cherry, Cherry" c/w "Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon;" The McCoys, "Hang On Sloppy" c/w "Fever;" The Doors, "Light My Fire" c/w "Break On Through;" Aretha Franklin, "Respect" c/w "I Never Loved A Man (The Way I Love You);" The Young Rascals, "Groovin'" c/w "Good Lovin';" Sonny & Cher, "I Got You, Babe" c/w "The Beat Goes On;" Wilson Pickett, "Land of 1000 Dances" c/w "Mustang Sally;" Lovin' Spoonful, "Summer In The City" c/w "Daydream" and Otis Redding, "Try A Little Tenderness" c/w "Shake."

You can shuffle these flexible new records like playing cards and be about

as rough with them as you please without hurting them. Twenty-five discs fit handily into a hip pocket, purse or beach bag, and as many as twenty HPs may be stored on the turntable of the Philco-Ford Model 1376 mini-radio phono. List price for Hip Pocket Records: 69¢ each. 69¢ each.

Model 1376 includes a six-transistor radio which may be played anywhere. The phonograph, designed to be played in a stationary position, operates at both 33 1/3 and 45 RPM; plays 12-inch LPs, as well as all 45s.

The set weighs one pound, 13 ounces. It comes in a plastic case, with carrying handle, and is available in red or blue. List price: \$24.95.

The solid state unit is powered by four penlite batteries (a total of six volts) and is AC adaptable. The AC adapter is offered as an optional extra, at \$4.95.

Philco-Ford offers a second radio-phonograph single-play model listed at \$24.95 and two others with phono only at \$19.95 each.

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The Stax Story Part 5

DUCK DUNN



Donald V. Dunn was born on November 24, 1941, in Memphis, Tennessee and he learned to play the bass in high school. He now resides in Memphis with his wife and family. Mr. Dunn is better known as Duck. He is the bassman for the Mar-Keys and Booker T. and the M.G.'s and has a band of his own. He is also staff bassman for the Stax Recording Company. In his leisure time his hobby is playing tonk with his friends.

JD: What were you doing before you joined Booker T.?

Duck: I was with the Mar-Keys for two and a half years. Then I was on the staff at Stax Records, and from there I went with Booker.

JD: Did you ever play upright bass?

Duck: I have one but it just lies around. I haven't had an opportunity to play it. I love bass, but when you play all day, five days a week, it gets tiresome.

JD: How long have you played electric?

Duck: I started about eight years ago with Steve Cropper, Terry Johnson, the drummer, and another guitar player named Johnny Freeman. That started the Mar-Keys. Then we added horns later on and came up with a hit record, "Last Night." Then Steve left the band for Stax, and I followed six months later.

JD: Was there a time that Booker didn't have a bass?

Duck: I don't think so. I wasn't on "Green Onions." Louie Steinberg played bass on that. I've been on everything since "Tic Tac Toe." I was on Otis Redding's first two records, Louie was on the next three, and then I was on everything else that came out.

JD: Were you interested in R&B right from the beginning?

Duck: Yes. I was a frustrated guitar player that turned to bass. Luckily I learned a little bass. I used to have my own band and we did a little country and western just to please the people.

JD: Is country and western popular in Memphis?

Duck: Yeah, but not as big as you might think. Actually, country music is popular everywhere, just like R&B. Country and R&B are the only fields to be in, I think. There's too much competition in pop. If you're lucky to have an R&B record break pop, then you're okay. With us it was "Green Onions." In pop you're competing with the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and 5,000 more a

week. If I owned a record company, I'd stick with R&B or country, preferably R&B.

JD: Do you play a lot of walking bass?

Duck: I used to but no more. I played walking bass on "Shake," an Otis Redding album song. But I stick with pure syncopation. Upbeat is the thing now. Occasionally, I'll do it when we settle down. When we're hard driving, I use a definite syncopated line.

JD: Who are some of your favorite bass players?

Duck: I think my favorite is James Jameson at Motown. To me he's it. I'd like to get together with him someday. Another bass player I dig is Eldee Young, who used to be with Ramsey Lewis. I think he's the most underestimated bass player around.

JD: Don't the Motown bass lines sound the same to you?

Duck: No, not really. Jameson is so smooth and fast. Our records aren't cut that way. We rarely have a chance to sit down and play smooth.

I think he's too much. McCartney's a gas, too, from what I've heard, especially on "Day Tripper." That's where we got the idea for Otis doing it, because of the bass line on it.

JD: Do you have any trouble coming up with bass lines?

Duck: Oh, yeah, but I get a lot of help from Booker and Al Jackson. When you've got guys like Booker, Al and Steve behind you, you can't miss. You know, bass players are no problem to get in Memphis. I'm just lucky to be here. I can't miss with the other guys giving me ideas.

JD: Do the other guys in the band get ideas from you?

Duck: Yeah, some things. "Tic Tac Toe" was one. That's what started me with Booker. They seemed to like it, so I got in.

JD: Where do you get most of your inspiration for bass lines?

Duck: How can you miss with a drummer like Al Jackson? He's playing all this rhythm and you've got to go. You've got to play. You can't

miss. To me he's it. Any time he sits down, I enjoy playing because he's going to be kicking it. A bass player has got to play with Al Jackson.

JD: Do you listen to the snare or bass drum?

Duck: I listen to the foot. You can't get in the way of that foot or you're in trouble. I listen to the syncopation on the snare, too, but mainly to his foot.

JD: Is bass playing different in country and R&B?

Duck: I would say so. In country western, bass players usually play two and four. In R&B, you got to do something funky. You got to play a definite line, and color it here and there. You've got to color it because even if you got a gassy line going, it's going to get monotonous. I always watch for spots to put in color changes.

JD: Do you think you'd ever go into fuzz tones and machines?

Duck: No, I doubt it. Some sessions I use a lot of treble. They like a lot of treble at Stax. But I usually keep my amp on half and half - half bass and half treble. Tremolo and reverb - all that stuff sounds the same to me. We don't use it. A lot of people think Steve's got gimmicks when he plays guitar. He uses a 10-inch Fender amp and that's it. He just plays - it's just Steve. People come in and ask us how Albert King gets his sounds. Well, he just plays, too. It's not the instrument, it's him. It's amazing. We had a guy come in from Texas and he asked Steve if he stuck newspapers in his speakers. It's just Steve.

JD: What kind of equipment do you use?

Duck: I used Ampex in the studio but it doesn't seem to produce on stage. In the studio it's wonderful. On stage the audience can hear it fine, but the guys in the band can't hear it, so now I use Fender on stage.

I heard so much about McCartney's Hofner bass that I ordered one from England. I tried it and sent it back. The sound was beautiful on ballad stuff, but it was too loud for fast things. It just roared. Maybe I play too hard. The strings were light and I pulled them too hard. It was probably me more than the bass. I have three Fenders.

One is real old and I use that most of all. I use a new one on the road because I don't want to tear the old one up. The old one has the best studio sound. I don't like the new Fender strings. They're lightweight. They used to make them big and fat. The pickups on the old Fender are stronger. To me they don't make them like they used to. So I take care of the old one. I'd hate to have that stolen. When we were in England, Steve had his favorite guitar stolen. It was his Fender Esquire.

JD: If it's at all possible, you seem to be playing funkier on every new record.

Duck: Well, that's due to the guys I work with. They help me quite a bit. They give me the basics and I handle it from there. Now, the tunes are pretty well written before we come into the studio. We found it best to spend two days on the material and then cut the next day. We don't cut every day any more. Bass players used to roam and play what they wanted, but now I have definite lines.

JD: Are you cutting an Otis album now?

Duck: Yes. We're finishing up an album. Steve was working with him for three days on the material and we just started to cut now. Mainly we're trying to get some good singles. Otis will be free for a month, so we're going to try for two singles.

JD: Have you heard any things lately that you like?

Duck: Yeah. There's some pop things now I dig. "Brown-Eyed Girl" and "I Can't Take My Eyes Off You." Everybody down here dug that Frankie Valli thing. Our R&B stuff is really selling now, too.

JD: That Albert King album is beautiful. His version of "Kansas City" is the best I've ever heard.

Duck: That was a two-cut thing. We needed one more song for the album and somebody said "Kansas City" and we did it. My favorite song right now is "Soul Man" by Sam & Dave. But we've still got to finish the Otis album. Otis always kills me. Otis always makes me wanna play.

JD: Who are some current groups out that you like?

Duck: The bass on "You Keep Me

Hanging On" by The Vanilla Fudge knocks me out. I like Jr. Walker, too. I like the Four Tops. We followed the Jefferson Airplane at the Monterey festival. They're good too, but I don't understand some of it. The group that killed me the most was the Association. All they did was do their records the way they were supposed to be played but they got to me. I like the 5th Dimension, too.

JD: What do you do when you're not playing tonk?

Duck: I watch the Johnny Carson show on TV every night. Even though Joey Bishop might have a better show, I try to keep Carson's ratings up. I dig Carson.

JD: Where did you get the biggest reception on your European tour?

Duck: Oh, it was great. Believe it or not, it was in Wales. We played a club that held 2,800 and they must have fit in 3,000. Paris was great but I couldn't understand what anybody was saying. We couldn't tell if we were bad or good. We might do it again next year.

JD: What are your ambitions?

Duck: Right now I'm enjoying the best life. I love what I'm doing. I'd just like to make it better. I hope it keeps going. Everybody here deserves it and that's what we're all striving for. We've got our schedule tighter now so we can have some leisure time and work harder, too. ☐ jim delehant

(Next month the producer-songwriting team, Porter and Hayes, will continue The Stax Story.)

duck on tonk

I play a lot of tonk. I know it's very popular among musicians, mainly Southern musicians. That's a Southern card game, I guess. I can never beat Booker. I can handle Al all right but Booker's just so lucky. Booker just started playing and it's probably beginner's luck. We usually play a dollar a hand and if somebody tonks out, you pay \$2. We play it all the time.

You try to get the lowest hand as possible. Aces are the lowest and 2's and 3's. It's something like 5-card gin. You can go out whenever you want, but it's better to go out with a low hand. I guess it's just a soulful game. It originated a long time ago and I would guess the colored people started it.

It's better than poker and more interesting. It requires a little skill because you got to know what the other man is doing. You've got to keep track of the cards. If he takes one of your discards, you shouldn't give him another one. That's how we pass our time. I can't make no money on the road because of tonk and Booker T. - he kills me. I'll get him though. Booker and I are the biggest tonk fans now. We always play. It's a good way to pass time on tours. ☐





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ROY ORBISON'S
Own
Rock History
Part 2



The music business is a little better now because there are more attractive deals for the artists. Some record companies offer 10% deals, where the artists get 5% and the producers get 5%. Although the artist may not be getting as good a deal, he is getting more money.

Shady deals, or payola, came in and made rock and roll big on TV. TV wasn't strong in music until 1955. Payola might create an artist of a certain calibre who would inspire other artists. Payola definitely kicked rock & roll off, but the singers who came after mostly made it on their own.

Even in the producer's era after World War II, if you wanted to get a song recorded by a big artist, you'd need \$5,000 front money. That didn't go to the artist or the company; it went to the man in charge. On the fringe, rock and roll was created and pushed.

But there was more to it than payola. There was a need for rock and roll. There was a ready-made market.

America needed excitement. The ten years after the war were fairly dull. It was an exciting period during the war years but an unexciting period after, for children growing up. The war babies were just getting old enough to buy records and get a feel. Also, the atomic bomb came in along with television, a faster pace. By 1955, the children needed faster, more expressive music for themselves. The wild music came along and true artists came out of it like Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis and others. The rock and roll was pushed on a few key people with a lot of power through payola. But it inspired a lot of people to do good on their own with their own talent.

It never would have come about if it weren't for television and related media. The whole world was changing. More exciting cars even tied in with this. We didn't have fast V8 automobiles until 1955.

The "Patti Page" era came at the tail end of the Glen Miller era. After the war, people had to pick up where they had left off before the war. The Eddie Fishers and Tony Martins were a continuation of the Glen Miller era. I'm not putting that era down; it just wasn't lively enough. The population was unsettled during that time but once they found their bearings, they found rock and roll. It was a good period but it was a lost period.

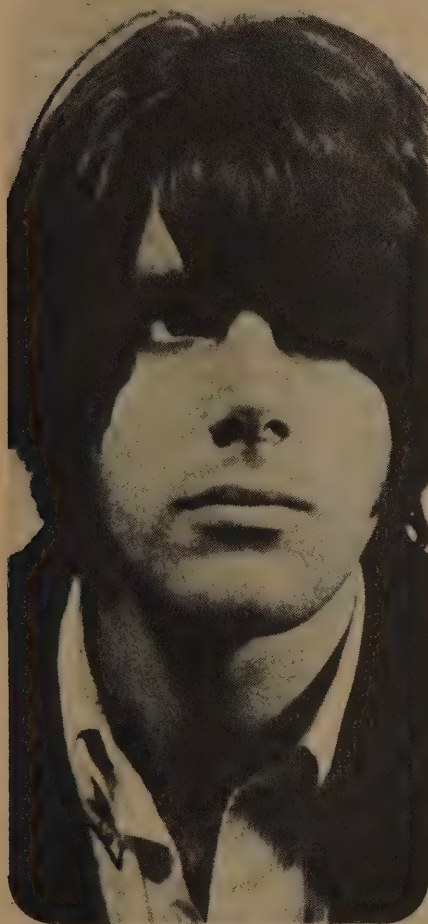
The colored people didn't really start swinging with their music until 1950. They had their own thing before that, too. The surroundings of a Negro forced him to be a man on his own. He was in a position where he could pick and choose the music he wanted. He was in a world of his own and it included his music. It was his own music and he couldn't be bothered with other stuff.

Around 1953 and 1954, white kids began to like this music but it was a little strange to them. I'm talking about things like "One Mint Julep." Around 1954, the college kids latched on to this R&B. It was mainly the southern colleges. The students fell head-over-heels in love with it. They started to buy the records.

Suddenly the situation was ripe for white R&B artists. We know who that white R&B artist turned out to be.

(continued on page 64)

MOBY GRAPE



Guitarist PETER LEWIS



My name is Peter Lewis. I play guitar. When I was twelve years old, I wanted to be a rock and roll hero like Elvis or Ricky Nelson. I played piano for six years, and when I was ten I started playing guitar. I got a lot of my guitar chord structures from the piano.

I liked folk music, ragtime, and country and western music for a long time. When I was fourteen, I went into a group called the Tornadoes (ha, ha) for six years. It wasn't rock and roll. It was folk, bluegrass and stuff like that. At one time, I really wanted to learn how to play the steel guitar, but I never got around to it. I want to now, though.

I've always been serious about music, even when I was working as a professional pilot for a while. I always wrote songs and I liked the idea of being able to say what I wanted to say with music. It's more entertaining than just rapping.

I began writing songs when I was ten. They were diddy things, in a kind of ethnic folk bag, not good at all. But it starts you on the road to thinking about other things. I went through a stage where my songs were really complicated, then I got simpler again because that's what people understand. I just like to say it with songs rather than rap about it.

You say what you want to say with the lyrics, then you expound upon the mood by using a certain type of music, a type of feeling.

I went into music because I couldn't do anything else. I mean, I didn't think I'd make any bread at it. But when I got back into it after a plane crash, I really got to like it a whole lot. The songs I wrote seemed to mean a lot more to me. I guess I was older.

Being away and coming back, I could see a tremendous change. I liked the whole scene better. I've always hated it when people take a nice thing and mess it up, like the people who go to Hawaii and build a bunch of ridiculous-looking hotels and make it look as much like California as they can. In music it was the same way. They grab some kid off a street, like Fabian who couldn't sing a lick, and make a big thing out of him.

I didn't like that. It seemed to be really cheap. I grew up in an entertainment scene and I saw a bunch of worthless people being built up into something that they really weren't. But I saw that now it wasn't like that in some areas of pop music.

The first group that got big that I thought had some validity was the Byrds. I didn't like the Beatles at all.

I still don't. I think what they're recording now is more of a producer's trip. I think they're entertaining and I dig watching them and, as groups go, they beat most of them, but I don't think they're anything fabulous.

Anyway, I liked the music scene because groups like the Spoonful, the Byrds and groups like that were coming in. I liked the scene because it fit my own thing like it never had before.

I just wrote and played and wrote and played and wrote and played and wrote and played and finally got with Moby Grape. It was where I wanted to be.

I had to give up a lot, just as everyone else did, to be in this group. My ideas didn't prevail over the whole thing. When you work as an individual artist you get used to having your own way. But I found that my ideas weren't necessarily the best. Other cats in this group had other ideas that were better in certain fields. Mine were better in my own way.

We put an alliance together and gave each other ideas and it turned out well. The other guys contributed everything they'd learned in their different musical backgrounds. It all went together to make an entire new thing. The first album was all the ingredients mixed together. On our second album we'll go more into each person's individual trip. It'll be good for us as people and good for the music.

There were a lot of guitar licks and stuff that I thought were really dippy when I first got in this group. I didn't want to do that simple junk. I wanted to do my own thing. But I found a lot of satisfaction in learning how to play the simple things and really doing them well. I hear a lot of that in the Lovin' Spoonful. They do simple things extremely well. It's really difficult to be that calm and unhung-up about your music. I like that idea.

I'd like to have Moby Grape and myself reach a point where we can step on stage and write and sing songs spontaneously....if that's possible.

In the beginning we got together for a musical purpose. We became friends later, after a lot of mind changing. We all came from different social and musical backgrounds and we had a lot of hang-ups in getting together. When you live with people and learn to groove with their scenes and really appreciate them, it's a whole new world to you.

You can go from there and learn to do that with everybody you meet. You can encompass a whole new thing rather than being insecure and staying in your own crummy little scene as a measly person. It's better to encompass your friends.

(At that, Moby Grape burst into applause and cheers for Peter Lewis.)

(Next month we'll hear from Skip Spence)-□

on "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" - which is thirty-five minutes of absolute genius. "Rita Meter Maid," "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds" and "A Day In The Life," with the rest, are the best the Beatles have ever done.

Before I forget, I congratulate Marsha Root of Cairo, West Virginia, on her wonderfully intelligent and sensitive letter. (Hah!) I guess that will teach you not to blunder so repeatedly.

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is loaded with information. From your groovy mag, I've learned the following:

1. Paul Simon is a smoke fiend.
2. Frankie Valli has a beard.
3. "Absolutely Free" costs \$3.98.
4. "Ding Dong, The Witch Is Dead" won the Yech Award.
5. Granny can do the jerk.
6. Mick Jagger gathers no moss.

Without your song lyrics. I would never have known the words to "Make Me Yours" by Betty Swanne because I have never heard them before.

I have the "Green Onions" album by Booker T. and the M.G.'s, and the cover photo has real beauty. (The M.G.'s must be in there somewhere.) Green is the color of my eyes. Isn't that wonderful? (I wonder what the Who are going to put on the cover of the "Pictures Of Lily" album? Lily must have been some gal.)

Some of my friends can't believe Frank Zappa was a college student.

Do Bob Dylan and Art Garfunkel go to the same barber?
 "Willy Nilly" by Rufus Thomas shouldn't have been

banned. It isn't that dirty. Neither is "Bend It" by Dave Dee.

Well, all things must end, so I'll close. If this is printed, please print my address which is below, for I'd like to hear from some of your readers about their views on music of today or any other time they feel like writing. Also, I collect music surveys, and if anyone wants to send one from their city, I'll send one from mine.

They're coming to take me away.

Roger Jacob
1939 McCausland Ave.
St. Louis, Mo. (63117)

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is still doing an excellent job, but I have a few minor grievances. Your October issue of HP was the trashiest you have put out in over a year, the most glaring being the cover. A sight for sore eyes, indeed. It looks like just another teenie fan magazine, a startling contrast with the last two psychedelic covers of August and September. The Au-

gust cover was pretty crowded, but the one for September was a masterpiece. A real beauty in layout, and imagine, Peter Townshend, of all people, holding the only picture. It seems like fewer pictures and more lettering, instead, would make your covers in the future look better.

There were also a few worthless articles in the October issue. For a publication that has made so much incredible progress, it seems you could take the extra effort to become a real giant in terms of straightforward, interesting reporting on anybody who can play rock, folk, rock-folk, blues folk-blues, rhythm and blues, rock-blues, hard rock, and even jazz, with unusual talent and creativity.

I think you should devote more space to rhythm and blues, and also extend your record review section. Another thing, I think you guys should get tough on these records that you review. Some of the mediocre or not-so-great albums that you have

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given "Boy, it's really good, so why don't you buy it?" reviews to are "Psychedelic Lollipop" by the Blues Magoos, "Surrealistic Pillow" by the Jefferson Airplane, "Fresh Cream" by the Cream, and "Happy Together" by the Turtles. The Blues Magoos LP, I thought, was just a bunch of junk, save one song, "Love Seems Doomed." I don't have anything against the artists, but these albums aren't as great as you made them out to be.

On the other hand, though, you recommended some overlooked albums which turned out to be absolutely great, like "What's Shaking" with the Lovin' Spoonful, Eric Clapton, and Paul Butterfield; "Freak Out" by the Mothers; "Pretty Flamingo" by Manfred Mann; "Stand Back" by Charlie Musselwhite's Band; "Blues Breakers" by John Mayall, Eric Clapton, and the rest of their R&B band; "the Doors;" and "Happy Jack" by the Who. Need I say more? Let's have more reviews of the latter type, not the former. Thank you for simply reviewing the Mothers' new "Absolutely Free," and being so liberal in the number of pages of pro-Zappa material.

A hard thing to do is to find the definitive white blues band. I have bought so many albums in hope of this -- it is surprising. Some of the best ones are "Blues Breakers" and "Paul Butterfield Blues Band" and the "Canned Heat," but a lot of bands which are billed as playing blues really don't. Could you tell me what the two "John Hammond" and "John Hammond So Many Roads" albums are like? I understand Charlie Musselwhite's on harp and Dylan's band, the Hawks, play on the latter album. Let's have a story on Mike Bloomfield's new band.

Mike Saunders
242 Kingsrow Dr.
Little Rock, Arkansas

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading the Oct. H.P. and was surprised at the WHO article (Pg. 44). Pete Townshend makes it sound as though they have no direction to go except for slap-

stick. This just isn't so. If they stay the way they are, they would still sell as many records. I'm listening to the "Happy Jack" album now and all their songs are terrific! As for Carl Henty-Dodd--he can have his opinion of "Lily." I bought the record and I think that it's an out-of-sight song, and I couldn't find any pornographic words, although towards the end of the song I couldn't understand the words too well. By the way, why don't you print the lyrics in your "Parade of Hits" section?

On the opposite page of the article it says that Ray Davies is limiting his association with The Kinks; I sure hope he changes his mind. Also, they sounded better when they were playing things like: "All Day And All Of The night;" "You Really Got Me" and "Who'll Be The Next In Line?"

Your magazine is the only one worth paying the money for. In fact, I'd pay a half buck for it. (So why don't you increase it to about 75 pages and charge 50¢ for it? You'd profit as much as your readers would.) The only criticism that I have is: get rid of some of your weird ads. "50 Brand New Towels;" "Why Worry? Thrilling Zodiac Reading" and put in more like "Moop" and "Posters."

Sincerely,
Jeff Helwig
1314 Birchnell Ave.
San Dimas, Calif.
97003

Dear Editor:

I hope that this letter expresses not only my feelings, but the feelings of every other Byrds' fan everywhere. The Byrds have one of the most separate and unique sounds in the rock and roll world today. A perfect example of their sound is their most beautiful song (in my opinion), "Renaissance Fair." The perfect blend of Byrd harmony and uncommon instrumental sounds characterize their unique music. I do not want to be misinterpreted, though--I do not judge a group by just one song or one type of song. However, I am happy to say that the Byrds have not recorded anything that was less than fabulous in my opinion.

But, there is another test of a group. Their ability to recreate their sound outside of the recording studio. I saw the Byrds at an in-person concert in Central Park in New York City on July 28th. They reproduced their sound almost perfectly, and even added a few things, such as longer breaks on some songs, etc. And although they were rather calm, controlled and unexcited, I don't think that they exerted a no-personality image.

In an earlier issue, you asked for opinions of the "Younger Than Yesterday" album. Well, naturally mine is that it is by far the best rock and roll album this year. It is a work of art by four musical geniuses collectively called the Byrds. There is really so much more I would like to say but I don't know how. So I will end this letter by saying that your magazine is really groovy, and keep printing more articles on the Byrds, the Who, Kinks, Simon & Garfunkel, Dylan, etc. Thanks for being a fab magazine. I am sixteen years old in case you wanted to know.

Don Loucks
10 Parsonage St.
Cold Spring, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I have purchased two issues and one back issue of your magazine. After reading them from cover to cover, I went back and read them again, and again. What can I say? I never thought one magazine could cover so many artists in so many different fields of music (and do it so well).

The main reason why I like your magazine is because it doesn't stick to one or two groups month after month. Practically all the magazines on the news racks are geared for younger teenagers. When one group is the rage, they fill their publications with that one group all the time. Each month you can predict what will be in their next issue. Your magazine is a refreshing change.

I'm glad your magazine has recognized the Association (so few people have). I personally think they are every bit as good as the Beatles. Not only do they turn out hit after hit record, but they give a sensational concert. I have seen

them in person twice, and each time the audience was ecstatic over them.

I agree with you that the Association is preferred by older kids. I am only twelve, but I am about the youngest person that attends their performances. All of my friends are in love with the Monkees. I have nothing against the Monkees. I have bought all three of their albums. But they aren't that great musically as everyone makes them. They have relatively weak vocals and it is apparent in their concerts. It's a shame that there are so many talented groups across the country that are overshadowed by the Monkees. If all groups had their fair share of public exposure, maybe adults would discover that pop music isn't that bad after all.

Suzanne Owens
2714 Gibson Dr.
Rocky River, Ohio

P.S. Please do a lot more articles on the Association and the Cyrkle. Thank you again for your great magazine.

Dear Editor:

I am only fifteen, but I have been exposed to much of Paul Butterfield, the Blues Project, Eric Clapton, Canned Heat, Jeff Beck, etc. and I have come to appreciate this type of music very much.

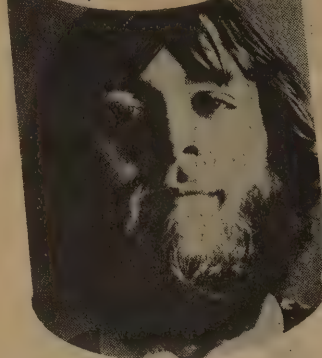
I also realize that much of today's rock is aimed at the younger kids. Most of the lyrics are boy-girl type things (with the exception of the new Beatles, Dylan, Simon & Garfunkel, Yardbirds). The chord (and lead) arrangements are usually very simple and typical; plus the fact that most of the groups today are in the business for money and fame. (I can think of at least ten of these groups.)

I believe that if only one deejay were to play Butterfield, Blues Project, etc., there would be another revolution in rock like there was four years ago.

Steve Bruce
522 La Verne St. #3
Redlands, Calif.

We invite all readers to send comments, criticism, questions and requests to: WE READ YOUR MAIL, HIT PARADER, CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.

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CANNED HEAT CANN

CANNED HEAT

Boiling bacon rinds, cabbage greens, vinegar and pigs' knuckles over an open flame — the smell of hard times, of misery, wafting through tenement halls in Chicago, down the Mississippi, across the hundreds of villages and small towns that have heard the wailing in the night and have put it to music. This is the Blues — it must be felt — either by actual experience or empathy.

On the horizon of this complex and elusive musical field arises Canned Heat, five young men who know and feel the Blues. They are a phenomenon, for they are dealing with honest, powerful, and sometimes stark human emotions, incorporating them in a style that has caused those who are confronted by their sound to experience something larger than just entertainment.

From the great Fillmore and Avalon Ballrooms in San Francisco to the Kaleidoscope and Ashgrove in Los Angeles, stunned audiences have surrendered to the full spectrum of emotions evoked by Canned Heat.

The personalities that make up Canned Heat are just as complex as their music. It could be termed a divine act of providence that brought these young men together from various parts of the country, for it is quite rare to find a group so united both stylistically and thematically.

Their invitation to the first International Pop Festival in Monterey has made it apparent that their integrity and vitality have begun to be recognized, and those who know are looking to Canned Heat to spearhead a new era in popular music.

BOB "THE BEAR" HITE (lead singer)

"The Bear" is not one to be reckoned with lightly. Weighing 300 pounds plus, his presence is felt wherever he may be — walls shudder, and floors quake. Somewhere deep within this enormous expanse of flesh lies the energy source of possibly a tiny nuclear reactor that directs the power of his mammoth and incredible voice.

Born on February 26, 1943 in Torrance, California (the source of his reality), "The Bear's" primary ambition was to become a disc jockey but he ended up a box boy in a supermarket. To kill the boredom of stuffing grocery bags, he began to sing — and sing, and sing, and sing. He joined a jug band, started playing professional gigs and ended up as lead singer of Canned Heat.

He has been instrumental in creating the group's image and style, having written several of their most popular songs, including "Bullfrog Blues," "Catfish Blues" and "Big Road."

On stage, "The Bear" projects a Chaplinesque figure with baggy pants, a slouch hat, and an innate sense of timing and humor.

AL "BLIND OWL" WILSON (guitar, harmonica, vocals)

"The Blind Owl" can't see any farther than the neck of his guitar, but that's far enough to make him an essential part of the group. Also doubling on harmonica and vocals, his versatile background (Al majored in music at Boston University) has been an undeniable contribution.

Al was born on the Fourth of July, 1943, in Boston and joined the group almost immediately after moving to Los Angeles two years ago.

At the age of fourteen, he began playing New Orleans-style trombone at local clubs and gatherings for a dollar a night. He soon switched to guitar, and has served as a studio recording musician for the past two years in addition to playing with the group.

"Blind Owl" has a fine collection of old 78 blues discs and when he is not busy with sessions or performances, he can be found gleaning inspiration from them.

HENRY "PREACHER" VESTINE (guitar)

In the past two years, Henry Vestine has become known and praised as one of the finest blues guitarists in the entire field. Watching Henry's fingers dance across the instrument is an object lesson in musical perfection.

Born December 25, 1944 in Washington, D.C., Henry's earliest ambition was to become an expert guitarist, and at the age of twenty-three, he has succeeded.

His source of inspiration comes from his continuous travels across the United States, meeting people and delving deep into their various music patterns.

He has played almost every conceivable type of "gig," from fraternity parties to blues sessions in the deep South. This, Henry feels, has expanded his understanding of the emotions and social implications behind the music he plays, and it seems at this point that his potential is limitless.

LARRY TAYLOR (bass guitar)

Larry Taylor's first professional job was backing Jerry Lee Lewis at the age of fourteen. Since then, his bass guitar has developed into the backbone



HEAT

of Canned Heat.

Larry was born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 26, 1942, and his earliest ambition was to be in a band. In those early Brooklyn years, Larry spent most of his time glued to the radio, absorbing any and all music that he heard.

It was during this time that he discovered the blues. He committed himself totally to this specific field, and when he moved to Los Angeles he realized his early ambition, for he is now a member of the most exciting new blues group in the nation.

FRANK COOK
(drums)

Frank Cook serves as the dynamic rhythmic foundation for Canned Heat. The spirit and intellect of Frank Cook is undeniably the life force of the group. Currently a philosophy major at UCLA, he has attended some of the finest schools in the country (including Hollywood Professional School and Black Fox Military Academy).

Frank was born on January 1, 1942 in Los Angeles, to a show business family (his father was an actor; his mother an opera singer). His musical endeavors were encouraged in hopes that he would perpetuate the family tradition.

Frank started playing jam sessions and small clubs around Los Angeles. It was during these sessions that the members of Canned Heat eventually met and subsequently joined together.

Frank's musical taste and fine sense of style have added much to the direction of the group. His goal is simply to perfect himself both as a musician and a person. This constant quest for perfection is readily seen wherever Canned Heat plays, and it is unquestionably one of their most important assets.

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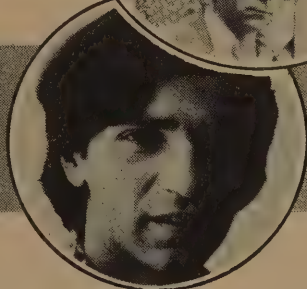
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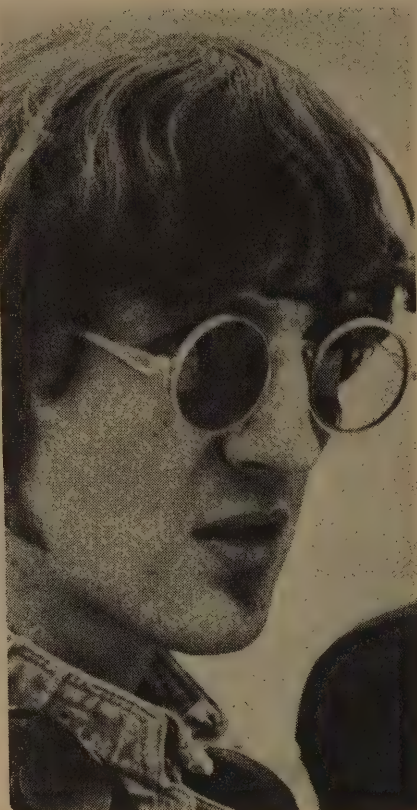
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by Don Stevenson/drummer for
Moby Grape

The Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper" album is very creative. They have set themselves free. This is an extension of "Rubber Soul" and "Revolver." It proves that there is a place for the record itself as an art - I mean, just the record and not the artist. The band could be the artist and you try to capture the band's sound on record, or the record is the art and they try to recreate their recorded sound. The Beatles have perfected this. They've proved that you need great production, an A&R man, a great studio.

Another album I like is "The Jazz Crusaders At The Lighthouse." Another album is Chuck Berry's "One Dozen Berries." He's the basis of a lot of people's playing today. His songs have that old cooking thing. My favorite cut on that album is "Guitar Boogie Shuffle." Chuck is one of my all-time favorites. Currently, my favorite album is "Moby Grape." They're an excellent band.



by Steve Cropper/lead guitar for
Booker T. & the M.G.'s

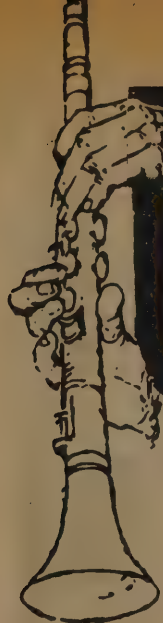
I don't listen to many records over and over but I listen to the radio constantly, going and coming from work. I want to hear what's going on outside because we stay so tied up in the studio, a person can get lost in himself. It makes for healthier ideas when I listen to the competition - but without grudgingly saying I'm going to do something better.

I like lots of records. I hear new ones every day that I like. One of my favorites is the Beatles' Revolver album. It's about the only one I like to hear over and over again. I've liked them since the first time I heard them. They wanted me to do a session with them at Stax, but for various reasons we never got together.

I like "Got To Get You Into My Life." I like "Taxman," too. I think they were trying to go for R&B on that one. I always liked the rhythm on "Yellow Submarine." "Taxman" is probably one of the songs they wanted to cut at Stax. It has a Booker T. type rhythm. "Got To Get You Into My Life" is very simple and I love simplicity in a song. In fact, they wanted to record some of the "Revolver" songs with our musicians.

Maybe if I listen to the other Beatles albums, I'd like them, too. But I've never heard them. I love all their singles and I bought most of them.

I've never lost the urge to buy records. If I hear a good one I'd like to buy it for two reasons. One is a personal interest in the song, and the other is I'd want somebody to buy my song, too.



T EMPO

by Jim Delehant

MOSE ALLISON



Blues is a very limited thing to play. I have to keep adding things to it to keep it interesting. I keep striving for higher levels of performance. That's the only way I can maintain the pace of going out and playing. It gets tiring going from California to Chicago. If you're not interested in it, it can get to be like prison. Now B.B. King, he was never an improviser. He's a blues guitar player - a natural cat. He tries to get better doing his natural gig. I don't think he consciously seeks new influences.

I don't go out and consciously look for something to stick in my playing. You've got to absorb it. When I run across something I've never heard before, like this Hungarian folk music, I listen a lot and absorb something from it. Somehow it blends in with what I'm doing. Blues is the basic thing. Good country blues is the basis of my thing and it always will be.

When I was coming up in Mississippi, I jammed with a lot of blues guys. I sat in with B.B. King's band a few times in Memphis. I knew Bill Harvey, who used to be B.B.'s tenor player. I used

to hang out with him. There were a lot of great bands around then. Where I was raised in Tippecanoe, Mississippi, there were just a few local guitar players.

When I finally got on the road, I heard a lot of them. I played a lot of dates in Southern Louisiana, with my trio mostly. Mississippi was dry, and there was a lot of liquor and gambling in other places. There were a lot of nightclubs and gambling in Louisiana. In between I managed to finish college in Louisiana.

I didn't get any recognition or make records till I came to New York. Up to that point, I was just playing jobs and making \$50 a week. I was brought up in a Mississippi cotton farming county on the Delta. It was a crossroads place. It had a service station, cotton gin and a general store. My mother was a grammar school teacher and my father owned the general store. He also farmed.

I did all the things that you don't want to do. I found out about work early. The truth about work. The truth about the fields. I got out of Mississippi when I joined the Army and I joined the Army band. We played a lot of dances and I met some good musicians. Then I went to the University of Mississippi mainly because they had a good band.

Then, I went on the road and finished school in Louisiana State. Some of the other guys I played with once in a while were Joe Houston and his band, Gatemouth Brown. He had a good band. I used to listen to Bull Moose Jackson. I heard Percy Mayfield. I dug Charles Brown. I was pretty well saturated with it. I didn't have to buy blues records because there was so much of it around in person. That's about all I heard when I was growing up. The guitars were amplified then, but they were more subtle. All the groups had two or three horns and little ensemble things worked out. The lead singer would play the guitar.

I really couldn't say what the future of jazz is. I'd say it's up to the media. Right now the media is keeping its hands off jazz. Right now there doesn't seem to be any excitement about jazz. Nobody seems to know what direction it's trying to go. Maybe the whole merchandising thing is going to have to change.

I know new players are having a hard time trying to break ground. The groups that are working are doing okay.

First of all, we have to redesign what jazz is. It's very confusing. You always hear things about "jazz compositions," but there's no such thing. Maybe Ravi Shankar will bring back a new appreciation of Charlie Parker. Rock and roll is introducing everyone to the basics. Maybe we can grasp things further on through that.

It's time for something in-between far-out jazz and basic rock. After all these years of playing, when my time comes, I probably won't be able to make it. I'll probably be sick. □

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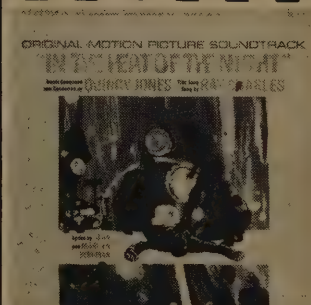
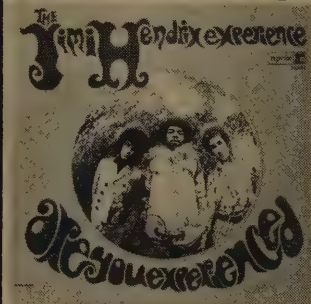
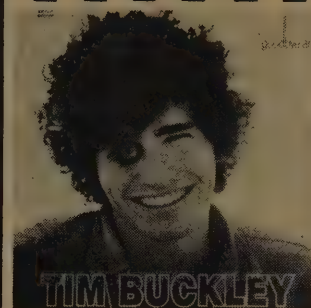
GOODBYE AND HELLO establishes **TIM BUCKLEY** as a major artist. In his second album, Tim performs ten lengthy musical poems, the lyrics abundant with colorful images and symbolism, the orchestral backings exotic and scintillating. Don't get the mistaken impression that Buckley is imitating Donovan or Dylan. Tim has his own visions and he presents them with a rich, resonant voice that soars and glides. "Pleasant Street" is a dramatically orchestrated episode with a descending piano figure that goes down, down, down, against a wall of cathedral organ sound. "Hallucinations" is delicate and Far Eastern and pretty. The powerful "I Don't Ask To Be Your Mountain" stands against a frantic landslide of background sounds which at times become a bit much. "Once I Was" and "Phantasmagoria In Two" are both beautiful love ballads. "Goodbye And Hello," a super-dramatic epic, contrasts all that is evil and good in America and the world. The lyrics to every song are printed on the jacket, which adds considerably to the appreciation of each piece, particularly the split chorus of "Goodbye And Hello." At times, music and/or lyrics seem a little overinflated, but the beauty and depth Buckley is capable of achieving make his new album a delightful and rewarding listening experience. (ELEKTRA 7318)

THE CANDYMEN have been around for a long time, backing people like Roy Orbison, Bobby Goldsboro, Sandy Posey and Billy Joe Royal in concert and on records. Now they have an album of their own and the boys have included a little of something for everybody. Their sounds are a tasteful blend of many diverse forms, including folk and country music ("Happier Than Them" and "Georgia Pines," their first single), smooth balladry ("Lonely Eyes"), lively good-time humor ("Roses Won't Grow In My Garden"), religious dreams ("Deep In The Night"), an up-dated oldie ("Seesaw," originally done by Don Covay), blues ("Stormy Monday" and "Stone Blues Man"), Hollies and Beatles-influenced vocal harmony ("Hope" and "Movies") and a sort of protest song ("Even The Grass Has Died"). The string and brass arrangements are subtle and superb. The Candyman have made a most welcome debut. (ABC ABCS-616)

ARE YOU EXPERIENCED? features **THE JIM HENDRIX EXPERIENCE**, a curious trio of an American and two Britishers. Their showmanship, teased hair and dazzling but limited musical technique have made them something of a rage in England. Like a restless beast, Jimi's guitar prowls and rumbles its fuzzy way through "Purple Haze," "Maniac Depression," "Love Or Confusion" and "Foxy Lady." His vocals are insinuous growls. Jimi's interpretation of "Hey Joe" is better than most of the 384 other versions of this song available on records. "The Wind Cries Mary" is subtly haunting and "Third Stone From The Sun" is an extended (6 minutes, 40 seconds) exercise in sound effects and recitations. It sounds best real loud. (REPRISE R 6261)

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT is a dynamic and colorful soundtrack written by **QUINCY JONES** for the Sydney Poitier, Rod Steiger movie. The sixteen themes range from rock to jazz to the chilling music that raises the tiny hairs on the back of your neck, like "Shag Bag, Hounds & Harry." The orchestra includes many top jazz artists. Prominently featured on "Peep-Freak Patrol Car," "Give Me Until Morning," "On Your Feet, Boy" and several other tracks are the half-human, half-flute sound of Roland Kirk and Bobby Scott's tacked piano. "Mama Caleba's Blues" is a five-minute piano workout by Ray Charles. Among the vocals are the title tune, sung by Ray Charles; "Bowlegged Polly," a nice impersonation of Roger Miller by Glen Campbell; and "Foul Owl" by Boomer & Travis, who now lead the rock group, Lewis & Clarke. Add this to the list of great Quincy Jones soundtracks. (UNITED ARTISTS UAS 5160)

OTIS REDDING LIVE IN EUROPE comes close to capturing the excitement of a Redding in-person appearance. All the material is familiar, so Otis just seizes every song, including "Respect," "Try A Little Tenderness" and "Shake" in his solid voice and runs with them. Otis even manages to take songs like "Day Tripper," "My Girl" and "Satisfaction," which have been established by other artists, and make them his own. "Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa (Sad Song)" includes an audience sing-a-long. If you don't have any of his previous albums, this makes a nice collection of the best of Otis Redding. (VOLT 8-416)



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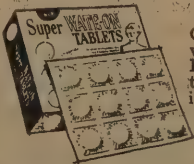
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The Box Tops

The Box Tops, who recently rode the charts with their hit on Mala Records, "The Letter," are not an overnight flash-in-the-pan group. They also flash in the pan during the day.

The group has been singing and performing together for over two and a half years. They are all from Memphis, and they attend high school and college, and have had quite a few local records that have met with some success. The folks back home think the boys are really swell.

They are completely self-contained in a little jar.

The personnel are:

Danny Smythe (19), drummer; Bill Cunningham (18), bass guitar; Alex Chilton (18), lead singer; Gary Talley (19), lead guitar and John Evens (19), organ.

John Evans, who plays organ, is a music major at Memphis State where he is a few hours away from his degree. When asked what their outside hobbies were, the boys unanimously said.....music. Perhaps, when they get a little older, they'll discover that girls are an even nicer hobby.

Although the boys like and perform all types of music, they enjoy doing soul music most. One of their biggest idols is Otis Redding.

The name for the group came to them one morning while they were all eating cereal.

* * *

What do Roy Orbison, Bobby Goldsboro, Billy Joe Royal and Sandy Posey have in common?—the Candymen (in one way or another). They were Roy Orbison's back-up group, and Bobby Goldsboro was once their lead guitarist. They did the music track on Billy Joe Royal's "Down On The Boon Docks" and Sandy Posey's latest single. (Any other similarities be-

tween the Candymen and anything else — except a recording studio — is unknown at this time.)

Since they decided less than a year ago to try to make a name on their own, they've become known in Europe, Great Britain, Australia—almost everywhere—for their extraordinary live performances, their musical ability, their professionalism, originality, freshness, and quality. Alan Dale of Cash Box called them "tight as any he's ever seen."

The Candymen are serious about their work and know what it takes to succeed at it. Their professional attitude and disarming, sensual stage presence, their musical versatility, vocal harmonies and writing and arranging talent are the combined ingredients that make the Candymen potential giants in contemporary music. They have the ability to make the most complex musical techniques and arrangements look simple.

They aren't limited to any one style. Their repertoire ranges from R&B and hard rock to lilting ballads or stormy blues, to incredible live reproductions of hits like "A Day In The Life" and "Good Vibrations."

Their five voices combine for an amazing range of harmonies, while four instruments create a variety of sounds. Rodney Justo is lead vocalist. But he adds to the harmony when guitarist John Rainey Adkins or organist Dean Daughtry solo. Bill Gilmore is the bass guitarist. Robert Nix is on drums. The Candymen live in, or near, Atlanta, Ga. Rodney was born in N.Y.C. and raised in the South. John and Dean are from Alabama, Robert from Georgia; Bill was born in Florida.

If the Candymen continue to make the kind of impression they made during the first U.S. appearance, north of the Mason-Dixon Line, it won't be long before everyone knows the name. The Candymen won themselves an exclusive contract with ABC Records.

The Candymen returned to Atlanta to record their first LP this summer. They completed it in only five days. The album was released in September and their first single is "Georgia Pines."



The Candymen



The Beacon Street Union

Ever since the Beatles inspired hundreds of their fellow townsmen to organize themselves into rock & roll groups, any city with more than a dozen rockbands, from Manchester to Greenwich Village to San Francisco, has been called "The new Liverpool." Lately, many people in the record business have been predicting that Boston will be the next fountainhead of new talent.

There are more than 200,000 college students in the area, and they crowd clubs like the Psychedelic Supermarket, The Boston Tea Party and The Rat every weekend, digging the dozens of new bands that have recently emerged.

Of the many talented groups currently working in the Boston area, one has made its way south to New York, the headquarters of the music industry, and will soon be ready for nation-wide recognition. Just as The Jefferson Airplane made everyone aware of what was happening on the San Francisco music scene, The Beacon Street Union may do the same for Boston.

The Beacon Street Union has a tight, dynamic sound with its roots in the blues and its outer boundaries still growing in several different directions. They write most of their material themselves. On "My Love Is," the group rocks with a solid, relentless beat, "Blue Avenue" features their smooth vocal harmony. "Speed Kills" begins at break-neck tempo, slows down, tears into a frantic instrumental break, then reverts to the opening theme. When they do other people's songs, The Beacon Street Union comes up with their own arrangements. Adding a sense of humor to their solid musicianship, they turn Chuck Berry's "Beautiful Delilah" into a rock jug tune, with a cartoon-character vocal and a rinky-tink piano.

Individually they are: John Wright, vocals; Bob Weissberg, piano and organ; Paul Tartachney, guitar; Dick Rhodes, drums; and Wayne Ulakey, bass.

The group was organized less than a year and a half ago in Boston, where several of the guys went to school together. They rehearsed a lot, adapted little-known songs from Yardbirds and Kinks albums, began writing original tunes, played at light shows and clubs, and gradually they gained a local reputation.

When The Beacon Street Union accompanied Every Mother's Son on a promotional tour, Lary Larden of EMS was impressed and told his record producer, Wes Farrell about the group. Last July, when the Union came to New York to play at the Scene, Wes began recording them.

Wes, a hit songwriter and one of New York's top independent record producers, had an entire album recorded by September. He had the group photographed, had an album cover designed, offered the complete package to several record companies and finally placed The Beacon Street Union with MGM Records.

The album and a single should be available soon. Meanwhile, the group remains in school and plays on weekends. Bob and John are attending Boston College, Wayne is at Emerson and Dick studies at the Massachusetts College Of Art. They may take their music to the West Coast over the Christmas holidays.

Keep your ears open for the Boston sound of The Beacon Street Union.

Very recently, the Cowsills, a whole family of rock and rollers, came very close to losing everything. They had no money, the phones had been disconnected, there wasn't any oil for the furnace and it was bitter cold all winter. "Bill and Bob chopped up their dressers to make fire wood and everybody huddled together around the fireplace," recalls Mrs. Cowsill. Finally, the end seemed imminent. Their mortgage was almost foreclosed, and they and the house they loved so dearly were about to be separated forever. A catastrophe for both. Desperately in need of financial help, the family came to New York.

Luck, or maybe fate, introduced them to Artie Kornfeld. Artie is a record producer and songwriter. He introduced the Cowsills to Lenny Stogel, a talent manager. The rapport between Loenard Stogel Associates and the Cowsills led to MGM Records, and from there, in the space of just a few weeks, the Cowsills have come to be considered one of the hottest properties in the entire industry. They're even being considered for their own TV series. Watch out, Monkees!

Bill, Bob, Barry and John Cowsill comprise the nucleus of the group. Their mini-mommy, Barbara Cowsill, lends her sweet, clear voice to the boys' harmony whenever it is needed. The road managers, Dick and Paul Cowsill, who chose not to enter the performing end of the complex, keep equipment straight and in order throughout their journeys. There is also a Cowsill "baby," sweet and cute as can be - eight-year-old Susan Cowsill (who is constantly teased by her all-brother family, who, although they'll never admit it publicly, adore her). Mr. Cowsill, like any father would be, is stuck with the job of coordinating the conglomeration.

Mr. Cowsill, Mrs. Cowsill and all concerned live in a 22-room mansion on top of one of the few Newport, Rhode Island hills. Ivy is growing all over the walls of the house, windows are broken, screens are hanging. It all has an air of the "unreal."

For the past three years, all the money went into "tools of the trade" - instruments, sound systems, amplifiers. "There isn't any furniture," says the family, "but we're happy." In little John's room, there is a cage made of wire which used to house a miniature monkey. "I saved my allowance for six weeks to get Clyde," he said with great tears in his big brown eyes. "I waited for him to come and then, the next day after I got him, I woke up in the morning and there he was - lying in the bottom of the cage - frozen!" Clyde's grave is on the Cowsill property and is marked with a little white headstone.

Buried nearby are a few Cowsills records on another label which didn't go anywhere. But the group's first MGM release, "The Rain, The Park, And Other Things," assisted by a massive publicity campaign and a 56-city promotion tour, finally made the Cowsills a group capable of standing proudly alongside the Lennon Sister, the Kim Sisters and the King Family in the gallery of famous show business families.



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(continued from page 52)

Elvis, of course. All that we call teeny boppers today went along with the force of the day. Now there were no social barriers. Everyone could identify with Elvis Presley. There he was in the flesh. A live, white, R&B artist. He had to be the sensation that he was when he turned out to be white, good-looking and different.

There was a big race factor back then. There was nothing on the surface and nothing they were even aware of. It wasn't a conscious thing. I know that from being so close to it. Now, it doesn't make a great deal of difference any more. There are only a few small strongholds left. From 1956 to this day, I've played shows where the talent was mixed. The entertainer has a different mentality about race. He's mixed with black, yellow, red and green people even. It didn't bother us.

First came the college influence because they loved R&B and that kept that alive. And then white singers trying to sing R&B is what rock and roll was.

Then in the '57, '58, and '59 era, there was a complete investigation of everything. There were big lines of pushing people to the front that admitted they didn't have any talent. They were just cashing in on the big wave. Then, as I see it, the investigation committee put a halt to a lot of that. Everybody in the industry suddenly stopped and said, "Look, what's right and what's wrong."

I started to be successful at that time. Not because of payola or anything else. The thing was, it made an opening for a lot of new talent, and I happened to be among those in that period.

I think from that time it settled down, from that big upheaval created by Presley, Domino, Little Richard; all these cats were fantastic. It settled down into a general ballad era. Sort of soft and easy ('61-'63-'63). You still had your rockers but basically they were ballads and a few kookie summer songs that didn't mean anything. Then it was calm long enough, and in '63 they were ripe again for the same thing they were ripe for when Elvis came along.

The time had moved so fast that the change-over you had in ten years only took about two or three. Then you had the English boys who were ripe. I gave an interview to one of the daily London papers about what I felt the Beatles might do in the U.S. at the time. I said, if they were on national television and if they let the people know they were English and just turned their guitars up, there would be no problem. So they were generally ready again.

There's another factor that enters here and that's the fact that fans had been identifying with one personality from 1956 on. There was Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Everly Brothers (that was just two), myself in 1960. In general, it was just the one artist. The supply of idols was limited.

Now you have groups of four or five that are idols. Grown women right on down to little girls can choose their idol. It's not completely a sexy thing either. Guys are interested, too. They might get a chance to chat with Ringo.

So now there are four or five idols to identify with. That was the icing on the cake. The world was ready for another hot act. But now there were four of them and they were from England and they had long hair and, on top of all that, they were good. So it was the same Elvis Presley story all over again.

Between Elvis and the Beatles there's a difference of almost ten years. The difference is in the growth of how many record players there were. Also, in 1953 they came out with a 45 r.p.m. record that was light and small and compact and could be taken to parties and things. From Elvis' era to the Beatles, you have more radios, more TVs, more people and more concentrated push and drive. Elvis was more or less a happening through TV—through the Jackie Gleason show, actually. The Beatles more or less were hyped before they came over. But they could live up to and beyond what was said about them when they got here. It's a good thing they were as good as they were, and even better. It proved that the publicity that preceded them was just adequate. □ Jim Delephant

(Next month Roy Orbison will conclude his Rock History).



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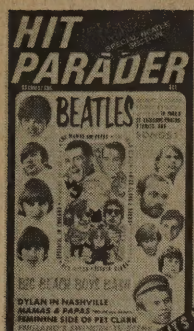
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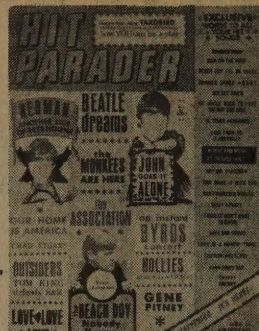
5 Beatle songs
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NOVEMBER, 1966

Paul on "Revolver"
Orbison, Donovan,
Byrds, Animals,
Magoos, Spoonful,
Blues Project

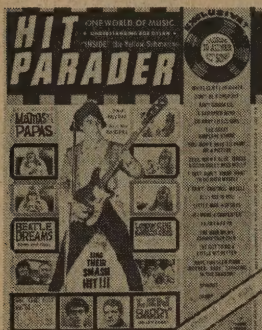
7 "Revolver" songs
"Bus Stop"
"Wouldn't It Be Nice"
"Mr. Dingy Sad"
"Can't Hurry Love"
"Dangling Conversation"



DECEMBER, 1966

1st Monkee Story,
Byrds, Herman,
Hollies, Beatles,
Association, Pitney,
Yardbirds

"Last Train To
Clarksville"
"Rain On The Roof"
"Cherish"
"Reach Out"
"Cherry Cherry"
"B-A-B-Y"



JANUARY, 1967

Mama's & Papa's,
Bob Dylan,
Beatles, Temptations,
Gary Lewis,
Sonny & Cher

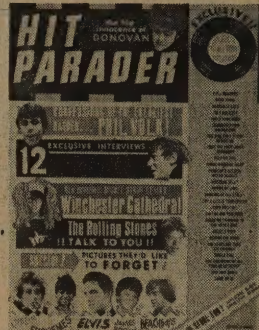
"Dandy"
"Have You Seen Your
Mother, Baby"
"Airplane Strike"
"Little Man"
"Go Away Little Girl"



FEBRUARY, 1967

Rolling Stones,
4 Tops, Lothar,
Beach Boys,
Otis Redding,
Tommy Roe

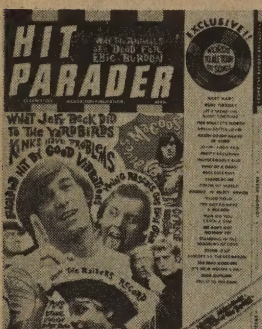
"Mellow Yellow"
"98.6"
"Stop, Stop, Stop"
"Hazy Shade Of Winter"
"Talk Talk"
"I'm Losing You"



MARCH, 1967

12 interviews,
Donovan, Stones,
Ex-Byrd,
Ex-Raider,
Old Photos

"I'm A Believer"
"Nashville Cats"
"Good Thing"
"Words Of Love"
"Mustang Sally"
"Grizzly Bear"



APRIL, 1967

Young Rascals,
The Cyrkle, Kinks,
Youngbloods,
Wilson Pickett,
Raiders

"Ruby Tuesday"
"Kind Of A Drag"
"Green, Green Grass"
"For What It's Worth"
"Snoopy"
"Tell It To The Rain"



MAY, 1967

Beatles Want Out,
Monkees, Donovan,
Royal Guardsmen,
Beach Boys, Who,
Spencer Davis

7 Monkee songs
"Penny Lane"
"Epistle To Dippy"
"Darlin' Be Home Soon"
"Kind Of A Hush"
"Love Is Here"



JUNE, 1967

Hollies, Mothers,
Animals, Rascals,
Jefferson Airplane,
Neil Diamond,
Tom Jones, Beatles

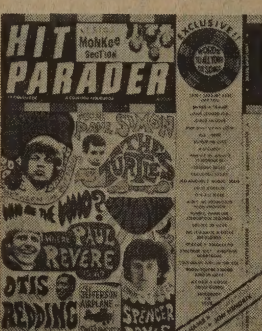
"Bernadette"
"Something Stupid"
"A Little Bit Me"
"59th Street Bridge"
"I Think We're Alone"
"Jimmy Mack"



JULY, 1967

Jeff Beck, Hollies,
Temptations, Cream,
Easy Beats, Monkees,
Spoonful, Joe Tex,
Love, Zappa

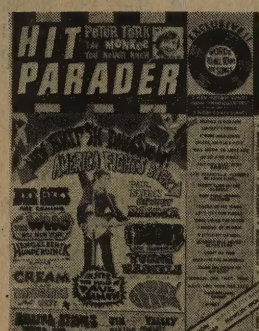
Stones "Buttons" songs
"The Happening"
"Groovin'"
"Somebody To Love"
"Friday On My Mind"
"My Back Pages"



AUGUST, 1967

Jagger On "Buttons",
Turtles, Who,
Donovan, Monkees,
Paul Simon,
Paul Revere

"Six O'Clock"
"Him Or Me"
"Creeque Alley"
"I Got Rhythm"
"Mirage"
"Ain't No Mountain"



SEPTEMBER, 1967

Bee Gees, The Doors,
Moby Grape, Who,
Stax Story, Cream,
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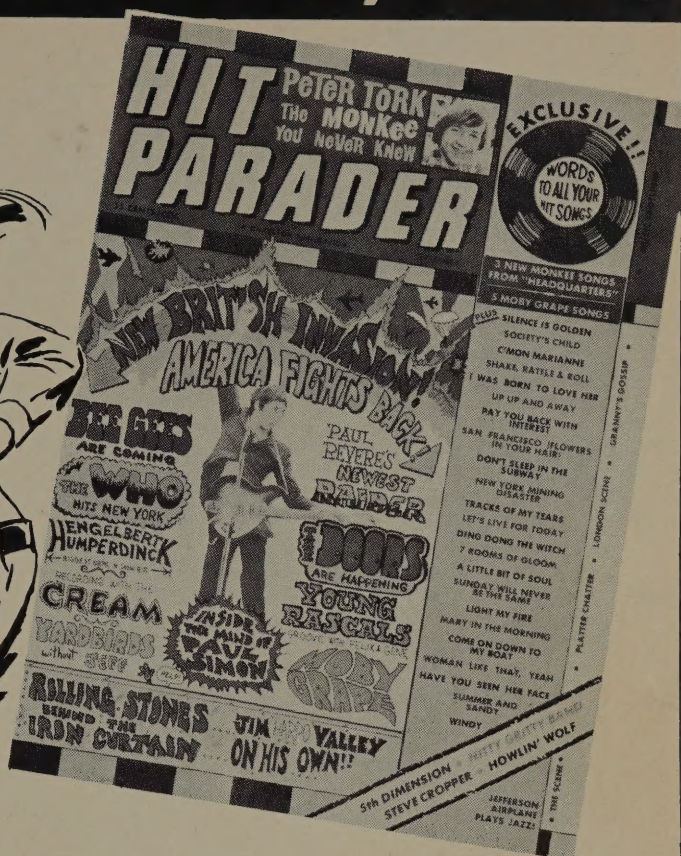
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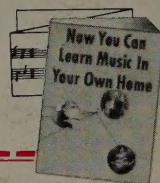
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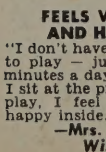
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